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FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

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CATHOLIC—DOMESTIC.

Rev. Joseph Blasor, pastor of St. Alphonsus Church, near Norwalk, O., died on January 25th.

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The new church of St. Paul, at Burlington. Iowa, was dedicated Jan. 27th, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Cosgrove, D. D., of Davenport.

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Father Sheehan, the new pastor at Avoca, Minn., has inaugurated his work by beginning a vigorous crusade against intemperance.

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St. Caspar's Church at Wauseon, O., was burned last week. Some of the vestments and sacred vessels were saved, but the building was a total loss.

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The late Bernard Conway of Philadelphia, who died in that city on the 26th ult., at the advanced age of 72 years, bequeathed to Archbishop Ryan $100,000 for the orphan Asylums of that diocese, besides other bequests to various institutions.

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A movement is on foot in the Cleveland, O. diocese to establish an eclectic college for Catholic young men, who are unable to pay the expenses inseparable from residence and regular college. Bishop Horstmann has given the project his endorsement.

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Mother Mary Agnes, of the Sisters of St. Francis, has left Philadelphia to visit officially the hospitals, academies and Indian missions, etc., of the order in the west. These Sisters have charge of a number of schools and hospitals in Oregon, Montana and Idaho.

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Signor Joseph Heywood, Chamberlain of the Cloak and Sword, who had busied himself zealously in forwarding the Papal exhibits to the Columbian Exhibit at Chicago has received a letter of thanks from the Pope through Cardinal Rampolla del Tindaro, Secretary of State.

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The first Croatian church in this country was dedicated in Pittsburg, two weeks ago by Bishop Phelan of the diocese, assisted by a large number of visiting priests. Addresses were made in Croatian, German, Latin, Bohemian, Italian, Slavic and English. Rev. Father Bozic is the pastor.

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The statistics of the new directories show that new Catholic schools have been erected in a good number of parishes, and that never before were there so many Catholic children attending parochial schools and academies and colleges. The incoming year promises to witness still larger advances.

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Three thousand, three hundred and forty-seven immigrant girls (including those who arrived by way of Philadelphia and Boston) received the hospitality of Father Callaghan at his Home for Immigrant Girls, 7 State street, New York, during the past year. This number should be doubled ortrebled if account be taken of those who recieved advice and assistance at Ellis Island.

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Rev. Thos. H. Kinsella, pastor of St. Leo's Church, Horton, Kan., has formed an organization, the objects of which are expressed in its charter as well as the motto, "Owe No Man Anything." Its objects are financial, educational and benevolent. Monthly meetings are held and social topics are discussed. The members pledge themselves not to buy anything for which they cannot pay.

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The National Convention of St. Patrick's Alliance of America opened Monday at Elizabeth, N. J., with 140 delegates present. California, for the first time, has sent a representative in the person of O. F. Rooney. The admission of the California division increases the membership of the National Union by 14,000. Delegate Rooney estimates that 15,000 new members will be added when other Western States join the National Union.

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Rev. Jerome Hunt, O. S. B., had a narrow escape from drowning in Devil's Lake, North Dakota, recently. He was driving across the lake towards his home at the fort, when team, sled and driver suddenly plunged into a large opening in the ice which was undiscernable by reason of the snow and ice particles which covered the surface. After much difficulty Father Jerome extricated himself and succeeded in rescuing his horses with the aid of timely assistance.

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The Rev. William Everett, the oldest priest in New York, celebrated his forty-second year as a clergyman last Friday. Father Everert is rector emeritus of the Church of the Nativity, at Second avenue and Third street, having retired from active duty a few years ago. Although over 82 years old, he is still vigorous. Father Everett was ordained by Archbishop Hughes at old St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mott street, on Janaury 29, 1853. Of the class of young priests only he and the Rev. Patrick McGovern, of St. Mary's Church, Croton, N. Y., survive.

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Archbishop Ireland has written a letter to Recorder Goff, in which he says: "I appreciate highly your course in New York, and am glad that you were elected to the important office of Recorder. You have done great honor to the Catholic and Irish name. I am proud to be able to point to you as a model American citizen, and a professional man above reproach or suspicion, and of highest ability. Without you in New York, Catholic and Irish Americans would have suffered much in public esteem. I pray God to sustain you in health of body and vigor of resolve."

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The success attending the pilgrimage from Brooklyn to Lourdes last year was so marked that another is proposed for this year. It will start early in July and be gone nine weeks. The pilgrims will make the shrine of the Sacred Heart at Paray la Monial, France, their objective point. En route they will go to Rome, and then to the HolyHouse of Loretto, a world-renowned place for pious pilgrims to visit for many centuries. The shrine of St. Anthony of Padua will also be included in the itinerary, as well as that of Lourdes. The return trip will probably be made by way of Ireland, and New York will be reached by the first week in September. The cost will be about $400 to each member of the pilgrimage.

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The old Jesuit Church of St. Lawrence in New York City has been removed and workmen are engaged in making excavations for the foundation walls of the new edifice. The name of the new church will be changed to St. Ignatius, and it will be among the largest in that city. The material will be granite, with faced granite trimmings, and in Gothic style. The cost will be upwards of half a million dollars. This is the last church theJesuits intend building in New York City and the church erected in honor of their founder will be only a small portion of an extensive ecclesiastical establishment. The rectory adjoining which is already built, is of stone, granite trimmed, and cost $60,000.

PERSONALS.

Riordan—Rev. Daniel Riordan of Chicago, brother of Archbishop Riordan, was recently in Rome, and had an audience with the Holy Father.

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Felix Faure, the new president of France is a Catholic. He received the conservative support, having more hope in Christianity for good order than in socialism.

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Bettin—Sister Marie Elena Bettin, who founded the Daughters of Divine Providence, died recently in Rome. With great success she presided over that community for some sixty years.

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Gibbons—Cardinal Gibbons remitted a debt of $10,000 which St. Augustine's Church, Washington, owed him, the only condition required is that the congregation shall raise $2,500 by subscription.

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Nicotera—Baron Nicotera, a distinguished Mason, at one time Minister under Victor Emanuel, and later under King Humbert, and a revolutionist all his life died recently, reconciled to God and the Church.

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Pallen—Conde B. Pallen has temporarily retired from active duty as editor of *Church Progress* to devote himself to literary labor, but remains connected with the paper as president of the publishing company and general adviser.

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Bauer—Rev. S. Bauer, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Fremont, O., has received from His Holiness, the degree of doctor of theology. Bishop Horstmann, presided at the ceremony of investiture which took place on Thursday, the 7th ult.

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Cardinal Vaughan is expected in Rome at the close of the month. The English, Irish and Scotch Colleges are preparing festivities in honor of His Eminence. The conversions in England now reach ten thousand annually and are augmenting considerably.

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Argyl—The Duke of Argyl, who was stricken with syncope while speaking in Glasgow on the evening of January 15, has regained his strength, but it is announced that he has cancelled all of his lecturing and other engagements and will retire from public life.

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Murphy—The affecting sight of three brothers in the priesthood celebrating a requiem mass over a fourth brother, was witnessed by a large congregation in St. Teresa's Church, Tarrytown, N. Y., recently. The deceased was James Murphy, son of Michael and Mary Murphy.

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Marty—The Roman correspondent of the London Tablet speaking of appointments recently made by the Holy See mentions the transfer of Bishop Marty from Sioux Falls to St. Cloud, and the elevation of Rev. L. A. Ricklin to episcopal dignity, he being named auxiliary to the Bishop of Green Bay.

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Ryan—A few evenings ago in the Cathedral Chapel, the survivors of the Philadelphia Brigade presented to Archbishop Ryan a handsome album containing resolutions passed by the Brigade in acknowledgement of the Archbishop's services by lecturing for the Antietam Monument fund. A number of clergymen of various denominations and prominent citizens were present.

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Katzer—Archbishop Katzer, of Milwaukee, accompanied by Mgr. Zeininger, Father Ruckengruber, and Father Friedl, has left on his journey to Rome. In Chicago the party were joined by Father Hodnett, of St. Malachy's Church. In New York they were joined by Signor Trentanove, the sculptor, who sailed on the same steamship as the Archbishop.

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King Humbert—It is remarked that King Humbert at his speeches in opening the Italian parliament never invokes the benediction of God, which the German Emperor never omits to do at inaugurating the sessions of the Reichstag. Yet the latter is a Protestant sovereign and the Italian King is a Catholic, and in the first article of the statute recognizes the Catholic religion.

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Banigan—The gift of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Banigan of Providence, the St. Maria Home for Working Girls, was dedicated by Bishop Harkins a few days ago. Mr. Banigan recently gave $50,000 to the Catholic University to endow the Banigan chair of political economy. Mr. Banigan and his wife in past years have always generously contributed to charitable and religious causes.

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Dubois—The man who worked hardest in Texas during that State's infancy was a secular priest named Claudiut Marie Dubois, who is still living far away from his beloved Texas, in an infirmary in France, where he has for a score of years been suffering a slow martyrdom in the many ailments with which he has been affiicted and that were brought on him by exposures and privations to which he was subjected during his early missionary labors.

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Zemp—Herr Zemp, the new president of the Swiss Confederation, who is a Catholic, does not owe his election to any temporizing with the adversaries of the Church in the Swiss republic. He has throughout his political career taken a distinctly Catholic line on all social questions, and his election to chief magistracy of the Republic is a proof that the Church in Switzerland has at last reconquered the position she held before the anti-Catholic war of the Souderbund and the later movement of Liberal and "Old Catholic" persecution.

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Desprez — Cardinal Desprez, whose death was announced last week, was one of the senior members of the cardinalatial college, his creation having taken place in the consistory that was held May 12, 1879, when ten new members were added to the college. Of the ten Cardinal Desprez, with the exception of Monsignor Ferretra, the Archbishop of Porto in Portugal, was the sole survivor up to the time of his death. He was made a cardinal at the same time that the lamented Monsignor Pecci, the Pope's brother was proclaimed one.

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Davitt—Michael Davitt has written a column letter to the London *Chronicle*. protesting against the wholesale charges of corruption hurled by Mr. Benn and others against the American people. He asks whether public men must be dubbed corrupt because a few politicians of the baser kind have traded upon their representative positions, and whether every city in the United States needs a Lexow Committee because New York and Chicago have exhibited some instances of gross municipal corruption, invariably followed by the punishment or ostracism of the guilty persons.

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Burnett—Miss Burnett, of Boston, received the veil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Kentwood, recently. Miss Burnett, who is connected with some of the most prominent families in Boston, was converted to the Catholic Church a little more than a year ago. She is an intimate friend of Mrs. Cleveland, and the one from whom "Baby Ruth" was named. Mrs. Cleveland was invited to attend by Miss Burnett, and wrote a most pleasing letter of acknowledgement, wishing her much peace and happiness in her religious work, and expressing great pleasure that she had found joy and contentment.

CATHOLIC—FOREIGN.

We find in the *Voce Della Verita* the announcement that a forthcoming pilgrimage of five hundred Irish is expected at Rome.

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English Catholics have drafted a bill to be introduced into Parliament, in which they state their claims in the school question.

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Archbishop Kozloffski, Metropolitan of the Roman Catholics in Russia, has just received from the Czar a cross adorned with diamonds

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A despatch from Rome states that Mgr. Carini, librarian of the Vatican, died suddenly on Jan. 25, during the services in St. Peter's. The news of his death greatly shocked the Pope.

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The Pope is stated to meditate shortly publishing an appeal to the Catholics of the world generously to sustain the institution for the Propagation of the Faith established at Lyons.

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Norte Dame of France, in Jerusalem, the French church lately finished, is surmounted by a cross illuminated by 350 electric jets. It lights all the way to the city from Bethelem, five miles south.

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The Holy Father has nominated Father Henry Doucet Passionist Vicar Apostolic of Bulgaria, under the title of Bishop of Nicopolis. The new bishop is very well known in Paris, his native city, where he was ordained.

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Special sevices were held in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, on Sunday, at which Cardinal Richard officiated, in thanksgiving for the safe passage of the country through the recent crisis. Many senators and members of the chamber of deputies were present.

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A ritual for Holy Week, a birthday present from Louis XVI. to the Princess de Lamballe, bearing the arms and cipher of the King, and containing his autograph and that of Marie Antoinette, was the book that brought the highest price in 1894. It was sold in Paris for $6,000.

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The Holy Father has received at the Vactican Prince Guistiniani-Bandini and his family, and Baron de Brienen and his daughter. Baron de Brienen was sent by William III. at the epoch of the Jubilee festivals. He is one of the Queen's guardians, and a member of the Dutch Catholic aristocracy.

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Very Rev. Jean Baptiste Ehrhard second assistant chief of general instruction of the Marist Order, will leave Havre, France, today, (Feby. 9th) on a visit to the American province. Father Ehrhard will visit the various churches of the Marist Order in the United States, and all the schools conducted by the Brothers of Mary. Father Ehrhard is expected in San Francisco in about two months.

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At the enthronement of Mgr. Izmirlian, the new Armenian Patriarch, two weeks ago, the Patriarch, after taking the oath, explained that in swearing fidelity to the Government he took for granted that he and his people should enjoy complete security for their honour, lives and property. Any declaration made without this condition would, he said, constitute a dangerous fiction.

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The death of the Brigadier Tito de Stefanis, of the Pontifical Gendarmeria, is announced. His father was a captain in the corps, and at eighteen years of age—that is to say, in 1844—he enrolled himself in the service of the Holy See. In 1860 he was a brigadier, and was decorated with the medal Pro Petro Sede. He was as charitable as he was valorous, and distinguished himself by his attention to the cholera patients at Albany in 1867. He was at Mentana, and won the cross Fidei et Virtute. In 1870 he was faithful to the cause of St. Peter. R.I.P.

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Mgr. Azarian, the Patriarch of the Catholic Armenians, sent a message on the 7th ult. to Mgr. Izmirlian asking whether he would return his visit if he called upon him in person to congratulate him upon his election. Mgr. Izmirlian replied that he could not do so until Mgr. Azarian had retracted all the false statements previously made by him against the Armenians and in favor of the Porte.

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The news that the tower of the old Cathedral threatens to fall into ruins has caused much excitement among the people of Antwerp. A committee of architects and engineers, in their official report, declares that the tower cannot last more than five years longer unless steps be taken at once in the matter. Antwerp Cathedral was erected in the thirteenth century. The tower is 150 metres in height and is ascended by 622 steps.

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A Benedictine convent for ladies is about to be established in Rome. Several young ladies, well endowed with this world's goods have already joined the embryo community. A chapel, which, when finished, will be opened to the public, is in course of construction, and promises to be a very richly ornamented sanctuary. The lady abbess proposes to set on foot several good works whereby Anglo-Americans will considerably benefit while visiting Italy.

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The long promised bell presented by Russia to Notre Dame Cathedral Paris, as a pledge of friendship between the two countries will be ready in four or five weeks. The weight is 18,050 kilos or nearly eighteen tons. The bell is to heavy and cumbersome for the towers of Notre Dame, and the Archbishop of Paris has decided that it should be fixed up at the Montmartre Basilica the great church of the national vow, built on the spot consecrated by the martyrdom of St. Denis.

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The Holy Father has admitted to separate audiences the Princess Alteiri and her nephew, the Marquis Alberto Theodoli. the Duke Cafferelli and his family, and Marquis Rondanini, with his wife and mother—all members of old aristocratic Italian families. The names may be unfamiliar to most of our readers, but to those who worship social distinction and bend their knees to a title, it may be interesting to recall that the Vatican, although poor in temporalities, is still one of the grandest Courts in the world, and frequented by one of the most ancient and exclusive of nobilities.

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Cardinal Capecelatro has treated in a volume entitled "Newman et la Religione Cattolica in Inghilterra," published by Desclee, the principal phases by which Anglicanism has become Anglo-Catholicism, and then developed into Roman-Catholicism. He describes in a learned preface the state of England from the so-called Reformation onwards to the present century—its character, laws and customs. His Eminence next speaks of the conversion of Newman and his beneficial influence on the progress of religion; and finally, refers to the active parts he sustained in conferring on the Roman faith the liberty and prosperity it enjoys at present, although in a non-Catholic State.

Romeward.

A Court of General Synod of the Church of Ireland was held on Thursday in Dublin, the Primate presiding, for the purpose of hearing statements in support of a petition lodged against the Rev. James Hunt, rector of Donegore, in the diocese of Connor, charging him with having in a series of letters, published in the Irish News maintained and affirmed doctrines contrary or repugnant to the Articles of the Church of Ireland. The point of the accusation lies in the allegation that Mr. Hunt, who has also a living in England, contended that Article XXXI, does not prohibit the sacrifice of the Mass, and that the celebration of the Mass as practiced in the Catholic Church is not opposed to the Articles of the Church of Ireland. Mr. Hunt was heard at length in his own defence. Whilst yielding to no one, he said, in his devotion to the book of Common Prayer, he was of opinion that Article XXXI, was not directed against the Mass, per se, but against certain abuses which at the period immediately preceding the Reformation had grown up in the popular mind, having been encouraged by the loose phraseology of certain writers, few in number and of no repute, and that such abuses had been previously denounced by the Council of Trent and the Diet of Augsburg, equally with the reformed Church.

The Court reserved judgment.

Had the Protestant Episcopal parent showed as in the following extract obedience to the Church, there never would have been a Protestant church established by law in England. God grant these deluded people may yet learn to offer their obedience to the mother and mistress of all Churches founded on Peter. The pastoral letter referred to we have not yet seen. Our remark is confined to the spirit of obedience in the article.

Alluding to the pastoral letter of the Bishops just published, the New York Chronicle says: "We believe that thousands will share with us the gratitude we feel on receipt of this potent document. It is perhaps the most weighty utterance which has ever been made to the clergy and laity of the church by the right reverend fathers in God. In one sense it is an utterance which is a distinct honor to the American church, and a vindication of her position among the churches, sects and societies of Christendom. The American church is alone capable of uttering an authorative encyclical of such a character. Unshackled by the restrictions of a State establishment and undominated by the will of a single and aristocratic Bishop, the American church has spoken through its House of Bishops in a pastoral of unquestioned authority in matters of the gravest and most solemn importance. It is literally true to say, Ecclesia locusta est; causa finita est. The church has spoken through its rulers, through those to whom especially the deposit of Scriptural truth has been committed, and the matter is set forever. This strong, learned and thoroughly apostolic pastoral is unaccompanied by fulmination or anathema. It appeals to the honesty, the self-respect, the Christian conscience of those whom it addresses. But undoubtedly the whole force of ecclesiastical authority, which lies behind it, is made to demand acquiescence and assent to its temperate and judicial requirements. In this pastoral the voice of the Nicene fathers blends with the voice of the English reformers. Nor would it be less than idle to deny that there has been due cause and occasion for this deliberate enunciation of Catholic truth on the part of the American Bishops in conclave assembled."

Gone to St. Louis.

Fathers Moeller and Finnegan, S, J., who closed the last of a series of very successful missions at Berkeley on Sunday, left for St. Louis, on the overland train on Tuesday evening. After a short rest there, they will open a mission at Louisville, Ky., it being the first of their Eastern series for 1895.

Rev. Father Finnegan who had charge of the work of organizing the League of the Sacred Heart, in the various parishes visited is well satisfied with the results of his labors. Leagues were organized in St. James', St. Francis', St. Roses', St. Charles', Holy Cross, St. Brendan's and old St. Mary's College parishes in this city, and in Petaluma, Alameda and Berkeley. So far some 10,000 members have joined and the work will be continued by the pastors, who have received full authority from the Central Direction of the Apostleship of Prayer in New York.

In addition to the labors of the Missionaries, the Jesuit and Paulist Fathers will continue the work. The Paulist Fathers have already organized a number of leagues throughout the State, and will continue to lend a helping hand.

Decadence of Ingersoll.

Ingersoll the infidel is passing away. The people are tired of him. His lecture on the Bible was such a bold assault on Christianity that Ingersoll has found the American people will not stand much of it. Two prominent Catholic prelates, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland' in their masterly defense of the Holy Book, did much to make the infidel realize that it was about time for him to select another subject. And so he has dropped his talk on the Bible. Speaking of Ingersoll, the St. Louis Republic, a secular paper says: "People who are not infidels will reject him for his want of reason. People who are infidels will reject him for his want of logic and courage. And Ingersoll has been rejected. Let him return to his quibs and quibbles. There are giants in the world of intellectual and scientific thought. But Ingersoll is not of them." The infidel is a failure. Father Lambert proved that years ago, but Ingersoll did not seem to pay any heed to the learned priest. Now Protestants realize that Father Lambert was right and we shall soon see the end of Ingersoll.

The Friend of the Poor.

However profoundly engaged Pope Leo may be with the larger questions that appertain in a particular manner to the Papacy and that have to do with nations and governments, he does not neglect the poor in his immediate surroundings and shares his restricted resources with them. The pontifical almoner has furnished to an inquirer a list of the sums appropriated to charity during last year, and when the heavy burdens that devolve upon the Pope are considered, the amount expended in charity is relatively large. The sum total for the year of the charities which have passed through the hands of the almoner amounts to 403,459 francs, and this is divided into several heads of schools to be supported, pensions to be paid, orphans of soldiers in the late Pontifical army to be maintained and beds to be supplied to the very poor. Besides this considerable sums are spent by the Pope himself, which do not pass into the ken of the almoner, and among these the million of francs which he annually contributes to the Catholic schools of Rome.

Everything But Religion.

"The community is infested with a good many clerical bores. Some of them preach about everything except religion."—New York Sun.

'Tis true. And why does this state of affairs exist? Because the bottom has dropped out of the "religion" they teach. Sensible people will not have it any longer. The preachers have bored them with it till the pews are are empty. The "clerical bores" have now taken to secular and sensational subjects, and are defiling the pulpit wit the filth of the world. Earnest Christians stand aghast at the spectacle. Two ways lie before our Protestant brethren—one leads to infidelity, the other into the Catholic Church.—Good Tidings.

Catholic Knights.

The State convention of the C. K. of A. of Oregon was held in Oregon City last week. The branches of Oregon City, Portland and The Dalles were represented. The reports for the past year were highly satisfactory, in spite of the hard times. The following State officers were elected:

Spiritual Director, Most Rev. W. H. Goss, D. D.; President, M. Zan, Portland; Vice-President, T. W. Sullivan, Oregon City; Secretary, F. Dresser, Portland; Treasurer, Rev. W. A. Bronsgeest, The Dalles.

T. W. Sullivan. the Vice-President, was elected State Delegate to the Supreme Council, which meets in Omaha the second Tuesday of May.

Father Curry's Departure.

Rev. M. R. Curry of Killaloe diocese, Ireland, who has been in this city for six weeks, left on Wednesday evening for Duluth, Minn. Right Rev. Bishop McGolrick of that city, who hails from the Killaloe diocese, Ireland, has invited Father Curry to be his guest for some time. He will also introduce Father Curry to Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul. Father Curry is deeply grateful to his many friends in this city for the enthusiastic reception given him in Odd Fellows' Hall last week. Beyond the proceeds of his lecture and the accompanying musical entertainment he was unable to help out in any other way the new cathedral church in course of erection in his native diocese. He spent three weeks in San Andreas as the guest of his friend, Father Gleason, and lectured on the night of January 6th in Angels Camp. Now he seeks fresh fields and pastures new. He takes with him very agreeable recollections of the kindnesses received from his many friends in San Francisco.

Perfect Priestliness.

Speaking of the late Bishop Gillooly of Elphin, whose death occurred recently, the Irish Catholic pays this high tribute to the religious character of the venerable prelate.

When the story of the career of the good and true Bishop who has now passed to eternal rest comes to be written by competent hands it will, we believe, be noted by the future biographer that its keynote was the spirit of perfect priestliness, which characterized all his actions, and which wove them into the splendid harmony which will long linger in the aisles of grateful memory. A worthy successor already prepares to take up the crozeir which he has laid down; in the centuries yet to come many another will bear the same cares and responsibilities from which Dr. Gillooly has been freed; but never can it be that the place of St. Asicus will fall to one more fitted to discharge its responsibilities than the devoted, earnest, self-denying and humble Priest whom God has now called to Himself, and who—typical prelate of our church as he was—never forgot the duty which he owed the souls and consciences of his people orof the loyalty which the national dignity of Ireland imposed upon him.

Watches Given Away.

Here is a chance for bright boys and girls to secure a handsome nickle, sivver or gold watch by the expenditure of a little time and energy and a visit to a few friends.

The publisher of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC has made arrangements with a wholesale jewelry house of this city for a large supply of watches—good time-keepers and of pretty design. These we propose to distribute in a manner which will bring them within the reach of everyone.

Special blanks have been provided by which intending subscribers pay to the boy or girl canvasser 25 cents, and agree to pay 50 cents more any time at the subscriber's convenience within the six months, for a subscription covering that length of time. On receipt of the name, accompanied by 25 cents, the paper will be forwarded every week, and the publisher will wait for the balance.

As soon as ten names are secured and $2.50 paid at the office, the boy or girl canvasser will be entitled to an elegant nickle watch, suitable in size or either sex.

For twenty-five names, accompanied by $6.25, a beautiful silver watch, with cases handsomely embossed, will be presented to the successfuj canvasers.

And if that is not enough, for fifty subscribers, when accompanied by $12.50, a gem of a time-piece, with gold cases and best American works, will be given to the laborer.

For single subscricers for six months, when accompanied by the 75 cents necessary to pay for a six months' subscription, we will present a handsome illustrated, gilt-bound prayer-book of 190 pages, containing prayers at Mass and at Vespers, instructions for confession and Communion, etc., a most complete and useful little book. We have also on hand an assortment of pictures, 13x16 inches in size, comprising such subjects as the Sacred Heart of Jesus or Mary, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, Immaculate Conception, etc. These are also offered on the same terms as the prayer book and will be given until the present supply is exhausted.

Before people accuse God of injustice, in his dealing with the world, they should wait and see the end. If there were no future judgment, then the inequality of condition, the inevitable suffering of the great majority, would be inexplicable. But everything will be right in the end.

THAWING OUT FROZEN MEAT.

A Dark Room Treatment Before Leaving the Cold Storage House.

According to the process invented by Messrs. Nelson Bros. for thawing frozen meat in such a way as to put it on the market in a sound condition and avoid the many objections to which the sale of the meat while still in a frozen state was open, the chamber of the apparatus is provided with double doors, one of which is extremely thick, so as to shut out, as far as possible, all external atmosphere. The chamber has no windows, but is supplied with electric light.

On entering one sees only some 80 quarters of beef hanging in rows on hooks over a slightly raised open platform, with a canvas curtain at the back. Under this platform, however, there is a series of steam pipes, while behind the curtain there is a series of pipes filled with compressed ammonia, similar to those used in connection with the ordinary freezing processes. The steam pipes under the meat cause a current of warm air to ascend all around it, and as soon as this current reaches the top of this chamber it is drawn to the freezing pipes behind the curtain, by which all the moisture is frozen out of it, on to the pipes themselves. It accumulates there in the form of snow some three-quarters of an inch in thickness.

The snow has to be scraped off the pipes from time to time, and it is stated that the accumulation during five days, in the thawing of 30 quarters of beef, has resulted in no fewer than 168 pounds of water. During that same period the meat has lost only 1 per cent in weight. The purpose of the canvas curtain is to divide the ascending warm current from the descending cold current, and it is claimed that the effect of this incessant passing of the air first over the steam pipes and then over the freezing pipes is eventually to free it from all moisture. When the meat is first hung, the temperature of the room is almost at freezing point, but on the fifth day the temperature of the chamber has been raised to that of the air outside. By this time the frost has all been thawed out of the meat, which is then in a condition to be sent to market.—London Invention.

ROMANY'S PRINCE WILLIAM.

He Lives Near East Hartford—His Tribe Are Noted Horse Trainers.

One of the most famous representatives of Romany Rye in this country is Prince William, as he is called, who, with his family, lives near East Hartford. There are branches of the family at New Haven and Bridgeport. The East Hartford branch of the family is the main branch.

The Williamses are all horse dealers. Attached to their residence are stables which, in winter, always contain a stock of fine blooded draft horses.

One of the interesting sights at the stables are the wagons that are used by Prince William and his family when they go off on their annual nomadic pleasure trips. These wagons cost from $1,000 to $2,500. Prince William's private wagon cost $2,500 and is fitted up in regal style.

In these trips around the country the whole family joins. These trips are made in the summer, spare horses being taken along and sold or traded. This means a cavalcade of a dozen fancy wagons and about 100 horses.

The start is made about the 1st of August, the entire family—men, women and children—being taken along. The party keeps together, traveling by easy stages, about 20 miles a day being considered a good journey. When in a hurry, they can make 40 miles a day.

The place selected for the night's rest is usually a grove. There the wagons are drawn up in a circle, fires are lighted and the evening meal prepared.

After supper the whole party gather around Prince William's tent or wagon, and the affairs of the family are discussed. A watchman patrols the camp all night to watch the horses.—New York Times.

Compound Rhyming Words.

In the south they have a very expressive phrase for one indifferently well—"frobly-mobly"—and to be in "mubble-fubble" signifies low spirits. In Leeds, when a person is overpowered with astonishment, he is said to be "much struck," a phrase forcible but scarcely polite. "Huck-muck" is an expression of like character, meaning foul, miry, and in Devonshire a bedraggled, besmirched person is said to be "muckson up to the huckson."

In Gloucestershire a wavering, unstable or worthless man is called a "meckle-keckle fellow," and it is worthy of remark that in Derbyshire poor ore is called "keckle-meckle." An awkward simpleton is called "hauveygauvey" in the neighborhood of Leeds. In Warwickshire they style such a one as "hobgoblin," or else it is from "hob," a lout, and "bog," a lump. "Gobbinshire" is the abode—"that never was writ in the traveler's chart"—of uncouth folk. They say of a slovenly loafer in south Cheshire:

Gobbinshire, Gobbinshire of Gobbinshire Green,
The ronkest owd beggor as ever was seen.

—All the Year Around.

The Feast of Asses.

The Festum Asinorum, or feast of asses, was formerly held Jan. 14 to commemorate the flight into Egypt. There are still extant several rituals of this festival. One, of Beauvais, in France, orders the priest to bray three times and the congregation to resound each time in a similar manner. An ass, decorated with costly coverings, was led to the altar in a procession and with hymns of rejoicing.

A Modern Instance.

"Oh, of course," said the old man, "I don't blame you for taking the boy's part—it is just like a boy's mother to do so. But I'd think a heap more of him if there were less point to his shoes and more to his conversation."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

TONIGHT.

Tonight I almost envy you
Your quiet bed that seems
Too narrow for the coming in
Of any noise or dreams.

So when the earth is not too hard—
A moist and pleasant mold—
With dandelions here and there,
Like scattered bits of gold,

Then maybe I shall break my way
The earth and grasses through,
And smiling with my drowsy eyes
Shall come to sleep with you.

—Bertha G. Davis in Kate Field's Washington.

FAMOUS ENGLISH SWORDS.

Some Noticeable Weapons That Are Exhibited In the Tower of London.

Whoever visits the London Tower may enjoy a veritable feast of swords, but amid the numberless array of weapons there are one or two that are especially worthy of notice. There is the sword of state, which is girt on the monarch's side after his anointing at the imposing ceremony of coronation, which girding is more honored in the breach, one would suppose, when the monarch is a lady. The sword is first consecrated by the primate, and by him handed to the lord chamberlain, who completes the function. It is a two handed weapon, with rich decorations on hilt and pommel and scabbard. Of scarcely less importance is the "sword of mercy," borne before the sovereign in the coronation procession. This sword is named Curtana, but though undoubtedly very ancient it can hardly claim to be the original Curtana forged by the famous Munifican.

This original Curtana was the magic weapon of Ogier the Dane, bold knight of Charlemagne's most warlike days. Our own Curtana is in any case many centuries old. It is square pointed, with the look as though the point had been broken short; hence possibly its name. A fine gold wire covers its handle, and the scabbard is remarkably ornate. Two other swords are carried at the coronation ceremony—swords symbolical of spiritual and temporal justice, the first with an obtuse point, the latter sharp. Curtana and these two justice swords are not often called upon to make a public appearance. It is happily more than a half century since they were last required at a coronation, but whenever the sovereign opens parliament in person the sword of state first mentioned is called from its repose.

The lord mayor's sword is even more familiar to the general public, and not only London, but most other corporations, have their sword and sword bearer. It is a picturesque survival of the middle ages, which one would regret to see abolished—part of the ritual of state customs, which ritual is by no means meaningless. Public action must often be of a figurative character. Such is the mode by which the city of London sometimes does honor to those who have rendered the nation good service, presenting to them swords of honor. These civic swords have been given to men like Lord Napier, Lord Clyde, Lord Wolseley. Wellington received one in his day, and so did the Prussian Blucher.—London Standard.

Golf.

A game with a history of more than 400 years must necessarily have some interesting records. Golf has been greatly liked by kings. In the time of James I it was generally practiced by all classes. The unfortunate Charles I was devoted to golf. While on a visit in Scotland in 1641 as he was deeply engaged in a game news was brought him of the breaking out of a rebellion in Ireland, and the royal golfer threw down his club and retired in great agitation to Holyrood House. When he was imprisoned at Newcastle, his keeper kindly permitted him to take recreation on the golfing links with his train. It is said that Mary, queen of Scots, was seen playing golf in the field beside Seaton a few days after the murder of her husband. In 1837 a magnificent gold medal was presented to St. Andrew's by William IV, to be played for annually. One of the earlier kings forbade the importation of golf balls from Holland because it took away "na small quantitie of gold and silver out of the kingdome of Scotland," and at one time "golfe and futeball and other unprofitable games" were forbidden in England because archery, so necessary in the defense of the nation, was being neglected in their favor.—Exchange.

The Hawaiian Islands.

The Hawaiian Islands have been found to be richer in animal life than was formerly supposed. As the result of a year's investigation by the British association, through its committee, it has been found that of birds there are 78 species, of which 57 are peculiar to this group. All the land and fresh water shells are peculiar, and of 1,000 species of insects 700 are not found elsewhere. It thus seems that these islands have by no means been populated from the continent, but have been centers of independent creation.—Independent.

How He Was Wounded.

Pension Agent—I see you have been drawing a pension on the wounded list when the record shows that you were drummed out of the army for desertion.

Pensioner—Yes. That is so.

Pension Agent—Well, how were you wounded?

Pensioner—My feelings, colonel, my feelings.—Atlanta Journal.

Negotiations Not Complete.

Customer (female and unfair)—I ordered ten yards of dress goods here yesterday to be sent. Has it been cut yet?

Shopwalker—No indeed. The assistant said you hadn't been in yet to change your mind.—London Globe.

Whenever you see ingratitude you may as infallibly conclude that there is a growing stock of ill nature in the breast, as you may know that man to have the plague upon whom you see the tokens.

Niobrara, the name of a river in Nebraska, is said to mean "wide water."

A

GRAND

Opportunity

TO MAKE

MONEY

$5 to $50

FOR

LITTLE

LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

This is

The Plan

Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect $1.50 from each one, send $5 to the office, and retain $2.50 for your commission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send $10 to the office, and retain $5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send $20 to the office, retaining $10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send $40 to the office, retaining $20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send $50 to the office, retaining $25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send $100 to the office, retaining $50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

BERKELEY'S BIG JUMP.

Now Holds Second Place in the Contest.

Berkeley has showed a renewed interest this week in the contest for the Ostensorium, and has come out from its place at the end into second place. This is due to the energetic work of two ladies of the place, who in the letter enclosing the result of their labor, which only extends over a portion of one day, state that they have met with such encouraging results that they have determined to try for more, and do not propose to rest until they secure the prize for their church.

Grass Valley is another town to enter the list and comes forward with a record of 30 points. The same anxiety to secure the handsome Ostensosium for that city exists as elsewhere.

Stockton has slightly increased its standing this week, but indications point to a big rush of coupons from there in a few days.

While some of the towns are at a standstill, it does not indicate lack of interest. Many of those who are working for their churches found their time engrossed with other pursuits, and are therefore obliged to forego for a time their labors. But it does not indicate by any means that they have given up in despair.

The entertainment and dance given by Young Ladies' Institute, No. 32, at Y. M. I. hall on Friday evening of last week, was an exceeding pleasant affair. The early hour of the evening was given up to a splendid musical and literary program, as follows:

Returning to the subject of articles for church use, our first offer is to present a

HANDSOME OSTENSORIUM

to the church or chapel which shall be designated by our subscribers. In this and subsequent issues a blank will be printed on which each subscriber will be entitled to designate his choice, and for those who wish to increase their efforts by securing new subscribers, extra special blanks will be provided on which will be recorded their choice, as follows:

For one year's subscripton	75	60 points
For six months' "	78	30 points
For four months	50	20 points
For two months	26	10 points

As these names are received the points will be credited, and the tickets deposited in a sealed box, out of which they will be taken in the presence of a committee, when the date of receiving the last subscriber under the offer shall be announced.

It may be surmised that under this plan, in consequence of the disparity in number of parishioners, or members of different churches, those having the greatest number will secure the ostensorium. In order to overcome this difference in membership the proportional plan will be followed. A careful estimate of the average number in each Catholic body working to secure the ostensorium will be made, and the one securing the largest proportion of the points received will, under the terms of this offer, be entitled to the award.

It would hardly be fair to pursue any other course, for in many country parishes every one might designate their own church, and yet not number over fifty, while in a parish with five or six hundred members, only one hundred might express their preference. Justice would, therefore, demand that the smaller place should receive the award. While the term parish or church is used principally throughout this article, any society or sodality, having a chapel devoted to their use entitled to the same privileges as a church.

For the benefit of our readers we have placed the Ostensenrium on exhibition in the window of A. Waldteufel, 721 Market street. For those who may not be able to see the beautiful present, awaiting an owner, the following description is appended:

The Ostensorium stands 26 inches high and is of most elaborate workmanship; rich chasing, mounted with jewels, including a row of brilliants around Luna.

The following is the standing of the different churches at noon Friday.

Alameda	262 points
Berkeley	184 points
Gilroy	62 points
Red Bluff	62 points
Stockton	61 points
St. Patricks, San Jose	46 points
Grass Valley	30 points
St. James, S. F.	18 points
Virginia City	15 points

MY CHOICE FOR

The Handsome Ostensorium

is.....Church

at.....

Mail or bring to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC,

Room 10 Montgomery Block.

San Francisco. [No. 3.]

FROM AND ABOUT IRELAND.

During the past year, the United States contributed to the fund for the bonefit of Home Rule, the sum of $13,575.

* * *

Rev. J. Meegan, of Donoghmoyne, has been elected to represent County Monaghan in the central council of the National Federation.

* * *

Over $2500 has been raised for a monument to the late Father Healy, a noted Irish priest and wit, $100 of which was contributed by Lord Salisbury.

* * *

Encouraged by their success at recent by-elections, the Tories are anxious for a general election, and will use their best tactics to put the Roseberry ministry in the minority.

* * *

Mr. P. M. Eagan, Kilkenny, has been appointed to the commission of peace for the borough of Kilkenny, to which he was recommeded by the uuanimous vote of the corporation.

* * *

Sister Mary Benigna, grand-daughter of the great liberator, has just died at the Ursuline convent at Waterford. In the world, Sister Mary Benigna was Eily O'Connell, daughter of John O'Connell, son of Daniel O'Connell. She was forty-six years of age, and had spent twenty-four years in the cloister.

* * *

The death is announeed of Rev. Francis McKenna, parish priest of Larne and vicar forane. His death, entirely unexpected, has come as a great shock to the numerous host of his friends, not only in the counties of Down and Antrim and in the city of Belfast, but in England and Scotland, America and Australia.

* * *

Much of the efficiency shown by the Japanese Navy during the war with China is due to two Irishmen, twin brothers, Cornelius and John Collins, who have been engaged for fifteen years as instructors in gunnery and nautical manoeuvers in the naval school at Tokio and the dock yards at Yokohama. In recognition of their services the Mikado has decorated them both with the Order of the Rising Sun.

* * *

In the Queen's speeeh, delivered at the opening of parliament on Tuesday, her Majesty thus speaks of Ireland:

"I am happy to observe the striking fact that in Ireland offenses of all kinds against the law have sunk during the past year to the lowest level ever marked in the official records.

"Proposals will be submitted you for remedying the defects which experience has brought to light in the working of the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland, and for dealing with certain evicted tenants whose situation still constitutea a peril to social order."

* * *

Justin McCarthy has issued a manifesto to his followers appealing to them to be constant in their attendance at the house of commons during the coming session of parliament. He makes the significant remark that this session promises to have a decisive influence upon the Irish cause. Mr. McCarthy adds that it will probably be the last session before an appeal is made to the country, and he reminds the Irish members that the position of their kindred in America in a time of deep industrial depression does not permit them to hope for much assistance from that quarter.

* * *

Among the agencies that have been at work in Dublin providing suitable homes for the working classes the Artisan's Dwelling Company occupies the foremost place. Since its establishment in 1886 the company has built 1,798 tenements. The earlier buildings erected by the company were built on the "flat" system, so popular with all classes in the great Scotch cities and towns. All the more recently built structures of the company are on the principal of and independent and separate house for each family. This has been found to be a much more acceptable plan. Although they have nearly two thousand houses on their books, the directors of the company are still energetically engaged in erecting others. Last year two hundred houses were built on the Aughrim street site, and at present some fifty more are in course of erection. The directors have in contemplation a scheme for increasing the number of buildings on the Rialto site, all the houses already there being occupied, and constant enquiries are being made for fresh accommodations. To meet this demand the company at its last meeting resolved to increase its capital from $150,000 to $300,000. This additional sum of $150,000 will provide funds for the erection of a considerable number of houses.

Pious Thievery.

A well deserved castigation is given to the perpetrator of a piece of meanness most Catholics have at one time or another suffered from, by the Sacred Heart Review, which says of the individual who will steal—it deserves no softer term—the turn of other penitents at the confessional:

"Having examined his conscience and aroused himself to a sorrow for his sins, little as well as great, he approaches the tribunal of penance to acknowledge them and ask forgiveness. The basement is crowded and men and women are there who have been waiting a long and tiresome while, on their knees, for their turn. They have their various affairs to attend to; business, household duties, perhaps the care of the sick to whom they should hasten. Into this patient and orderly group comes our friend. He takes a seat near the front, and as soon as he hears the sound of a little slide he is on his feet and at the box, and slips in ahead of a dozen or even a hundred persons who have every one of them a right to go in before him. This is a mean, unjust and contemptible thing to do. It is cowardly, too, because the person, who does it knows that people do not like to make a row in such a place and so he reckons upon getting off without any trouble. More than all, it is stealing; simple, plain stealing. He has a right to his turn, in its proper order, and when he goes in before that time he robs every person who was there before him. We have often heard persons wondering whether such a man ever thinks to say to the priest, 'I have just stolen the turn of all the people out there who were here before me.'"

Aiding Poor Catholics.

The St. Jude Tabernacle society of Baltimore, Md., the objects of which are to provide needy Catholic churches with appointments for their sanctuaries, has received from Rome permission to affiliate the organization with the general society, the Arch-Confraternity of Perpetual Adoration, which works for poor churches in Rome. This is an unusual thing, as it is the rule never to affiliate with the parent society two tabernacle societies in the same diocese. The Washington society being the older was the first in the diocese to be affiliated. The Baltimore society has closed a successful year, its members having made and distributed a large number of sets of vestments, altar cloths, palls, accessories to the mass and other church appointments. In addition to numerous poor churches in the archdiocese of Wheeling, Richmond, St. Augustine, Wilmington, Kansas City and Alaska, and to missions of North Carolina, South Carolina and the leper colony of Dutch Guiana.

A Valuable Work.

Rev. Alfred Young, C. S. P., has issued a work "entitled Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared." The work deals with the differences in civilization, popular happiness, general intelligence and morality, and although containing an immense mass of very valuable statistics it is written in a most engaging style. The reverend author furnishes an arsenal of arguments to the defenders of the Catholic faith, and when the enemies of the Church are prone to belittle her achievments, a few facts and figures from this work, will end all their arguments. In order to bring it to the more general notice of the public, the price has been fixed at $1. Miss Jennie Puyoon, of 104 Twenty-third street, this city, is the agent for the book. Any orders sent to her will receive prompt attention. It is a book which no intelligent Catholic can afford to be without at the present time.

The love of truth is the highest and holiest love; the defence of truth, the noblest work; the teaching of truth, the most meritorious; but higher, holier, nobler, more meritorious, than the love, or defence, or the teaching of truth, is the fervent practice of the charity that it enjoins.

A GHOST OF A PLACE.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY HALL AND HOSPITABLE COLONEL BULL.

How the Planter Kept His Household Goods From the Hands of the "Raiders." Pictures of a Beautiful Suburb That All Visitors to Charleston Admire.

Woodlands thick with undergrowth; tranquil country stillness, the stillness of a bit of country comparatively untilled and unpastured; roadways lined with tall and stately trees—such the scene as the clatter of horses' hoofs echoing on the hard flooring of the river bridge dies away into noiseless footfalls and the wheels turn without sound in the yielding soil of St. Andrew's. The murmured chorus of countless pines charms us into forgetfulness of the city's close proximity across the river. Ahead the way unfolds to us, broad and smooth, winding between long battalions of ancient oaks, muffled up to their chins in gray; on through miles of the century old trees, their massive trunks bound with fibrous scarfs, as if to veil the scars of successive seasons, every twig and branch and spray hung with streaming moss. Grand old oaks! Autumnal storms and April airs in turns have tossed and kissed their rugged boughs, yet the giant trunks stand firm. Scarce a gap in the uniform line shows where a grenadier has fallen out of ranks, and, elbow to elbow, they guard the ancient highway from encroachment of forest or field.

Here is an old gateway, the entrance to the grounds which once surrounded Ashley Hall, one of the proudest and most spacious of the ancestral homes in this parish. We pass through the useless massive portals into the driveway beyond. In the shaded light the avenue seems dreaming of the past, for these great oaks stand guard over the wreck of all they were intended to adorn. Of the stately home to which their beauty formed a fit approach nothing now remains but the crumbling marble steps and tall, spirelike chimneys. Little pickaninnies play hide and seek where once the flowers in "my lady's garden" grew in trim luxuriance. Only the Ashley is unchanged as it ripples by on its way to the sea, its waves as blue and sparkling as when it bore many a boating party from the mansion house.

Ashley Hall was the scene of a munificent and lavish hospitality in antebellum days. Its owner possessed immense plantations in Mississippi and Louisiana in addition to his Carolina estates, and the great halls and spacious drawing rooms of the St. Andrew's mansion were frequently thronged with a gay company of the most distinguished people of the state. The host was passionately fond of the chase and delighted to assemble about him those who shared in his love of sport. Deer hunts, participated in by famous sportsmen from all over the south, were features of every season. The same open handed generosity that dictated a hospitality so marked obtained between master and slave, and the large retinue of servants at the hall were a happy, care free set. It was traditional that no one was ever sent away empty handed who applied for aid at the doors of this plantation home.

This old hall, in which seven generations of the same family had dwelt, living almost ideal lives, met with a tragic fate. The organized struggle between the north and south was at an end, but the "raiders" were in possession of this country. They had already sacked and destroyed every house in the parish, with a single exception, and that plantation was occupied by an enemy more dreaded even than demoralized soldiers—namely, smallpox. That frightened even rough handed rapacity away, and venerable Drayton Hall, today famous for its wonderful gardens, was preserved inviolate. The knowledge of the fate that had overtaken the homes of his neighbors, and which he felt that a few hours more would precipitate upon his own, determined Colonel Bull. Calling for kindling wood, surrounded by his awestricken servants, he himself applied the pine torch to his household gods. Pictures, plate, antique furniture, valued heirlooms—all were sacrificed save the small number which could be hastily secreted by trusted slaves when they learned of his intention. It is related by an eyewitness that the stalwart planter wept tears of infinite sorrow as the sounds of falling brick and crumbling woodwork smote upon his ears. Just back of the house is an ancient monument erected to commemorate one of Carolina's colonial governors, an ancestor of the doughty colonel. It was on the base of this shaft that the master of the manor sat and watched the destruction of his home.

We retrace our way along the ranks of rare old trees, passing through the ancient gateway, fit subject for poet's theme, into the open road, where we are greeted by a procession of oaks as symmetrical as those we left behind. Miles of moss fringed trees, their somber curtains swaying far above, and again drooping so as almost to touch the earth about their feet, continue even to the cleared strip of land immediately in front of the bridge. Opposite lies the city, her cluster turrets and slender spires outlined against the evening sky.

Asked how we like the oaks, we say that they are "beautiful," but all the while we are conscious that they have a charm of their own not to be interpreted in words.—Cor. New York Post.

A Great Landowner.

A tourist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality, for there was the Devil's bridge, the Devil's caldron, the Devil's glen, etc. Said the traveler:

"The devil seems to be the greatest landowner in these parts."

"Ah, sure, your honor," replied the jarvey, "that is so, but he lives in England. I think he's what they call an absentee landlord in Ireland."—London Gentlewoman.

VOWELS AND CONSONANTS.

A Close Look Into the Way They Are Formed and Used.

A. Mellville Bell of Washington, in his note on "Syllabic Consonants," read at the second session of the American Oriental society in this city, said:

"What is is a vowel? What is a consonant? What is a syllable?

"A vowel is defined as a nonfrictional emission of the voice or of unvocalized breath through an oral channel, with momentarily fixed configuration. Vowels therefore run smoothly into one another by merely altering the shape of the oral passage without interrupting it.

"A consonant is defined as an interception of the breath or voice by oral stoppage, or by emission through side channels or through narrow chinks. The change from one consonant to another thus involves a motion of the articulating organs, producing, with more or less audibility, a puff, a flap or a sibiliation.

"The two classes of elements meet in ee, y, oo, w. A syllable is any vocal element uttered with a single impulse of voice. All the vocal elements in a syllable must be clustered together without admixture with nonvocals, but any number of nonvocals may precede or follow the vocal cluster without affecting the syllabic unity.

"The consonants l, m, n, when they are final after consonants, frequently form syllables without vowels, as in bottle.

"The test of good pronunciation is to give each syllable its own distinct sound, so that in the most rapid utterance the ear can trace the boundaries of every syllable. But the syllable sounds must be true to customary pronunciation.

"The name consonant, if held to imply an element that cannot b e pronounced without a sonant or vowel, would be a misnomer, and its use should in that case be discontinued in scientific menology. Vowels are the soft and plastic substance of speech. Consonants are the articulations or joints on which vowels and syllables turn. Their proper name is, therefore, 'articulations,' not consonants.

"Phonetic elements make syllables. Syllables make words. Words are to be considered as the syllables of clauses. Clauses must be carefully individualized, for they are the syllables of sentences. Divide your sentences into their logical units or clauses, and indicate within the clauses all their phonetic units or syllables, and you will fulfill the grand fundamental precepts of delivery."—Philadelphia Record.

KIPLING'S KIND ACT.

A Story About the Famous Author That Is Not Unpleasant.

It has become the fashion of literary paragraphers to print whatever stories of a disagreeble nature concerning Rudyard Kipling they can hear or find. Incidents showing the other side of the man—the true side, in fact—are rare, but that this wonderful author is not quite the literary barbarian which he is so generally made out to be finds but stronger evidence in a little story which I heard quite recently.

Not long ago an ambitious young writer composed his first story. He was rather skeptical of its merit, and being a great reader and admirer of Kipling's work determined to send his literary firstborn to Kipling for criticism. His friends tried to dissuade him from the idea, telling him that he would never see his story again. But his faith in his favorite author was strong, and the story went to Kipling. A week passed by, and finally nearly a month had elapsed. The young writer suffered keenly from the ridicule of his friends in the meantime, and, truth to tell, his faith began to waver. During the fifth week, however, a letter came postmarked "Brattleboro, Vt.," and the young writer opened it with feverish haste.

There was his manuscript, true enough, but scarcely could he recognize it. Kipling had evidently put days of work upon it, making corrections, suggestions and interlineations until the story contained more of Kipling than of its original author. With the manuscript came a letter, in which Kipling said that he was not "in the habit of doing this sort of thing, because it took so much time." But in this case he saw a good chance to make $5 for a particular fresh air fund in which he was interested, and if Mr. —— thought the work he had put on this manuscript was worth that sum he would be glad to receive it for his fund and would send a receipted bill!

The $5 was sent.—Philadelphia Times.

No Doubt About It.

"Do you play by note?" inquired one of the summer residents of Blueville of the violinist of the "Berry Corners' orchestra," which had been discoursing ear piercing strains at a lawn party.

"Nivver a note do Oi play by, sorr," replied Mr. Flaherty, mopping his heated brow with a handkerchief of sanguinary hue.

"Ah, by ear, then?" said the summer resident, with a smile of gracious interest.

"Nivver an ear hilps me, yer honor," responded Mr. Flaherty, returning his handkerchief to his capacious pocket.

"Indeed! May I ask how you—what you do play by, then?" persisted the inquirer.

"By main strin'th, be jabbers," said Mr. Flaherty, with a weary air, as he plunged his ancient instrument into its green bag. "An it's moighty dry wurrk, an that's thruth, sorr."—Youth's Companion.

A Real Saving.

The Lady Shopper—What? Pay $5 for a lamp like that? It's outrageous, and I won't pay it.

The Astute Salesman—You forget, madam, that the price has been reduced to $4.99.

The Lady Shopper (reaching for her purse)—Oh, very well then. I'll take it.—Chicago Record.

GROCERIES

AT THE

Lowest Bedrock Prices.

SBARBORO & CO.

At their old-established place of business

531 WASHINGTON ST.

Read this List and be Convinced that SBARBORO & CO. are making the Greatest Reduction of the age in

GROCERIES,

Wines, Liquors, Etc.

ALL KINDS OF SUGAR

Sold at Wholesale Prices in quantities to suit.

Fine Family Flour, $2.60 $3, $3.25 per bbl.
Tapioca, 25 lbs. for $1.
Sago, 25 lbs. for $1.
Coffee, 20c. and 25c. per pound.
Tea, 20c., 25c., 40c., and 50c. per lb.
Full Cream Cheese, 10c. per lb.
Raisins (London Layer), 20-lb. box, $1.50.
Eastern hams, 12½c. per lb.
Tomatoes, 85c. and 90c. per dozen.
15-lb. box Maccaroni or Vermacilli, 65c. per box.
Fine, Pure Lucca Oil (guaranteed), $1.75 and $2 per gallon.
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of February.

Septuagesima Sunday.

St. Anthony's, East Oakland.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, February 9th.

PATRONAGE OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Feb 10th. Sunday—Septuagesima.—S Scholastica, V. (O.S.B., 543).

Feb. 11th. Monday—Seven Servites, FF. 1233.—B John de Britto M., S. J., 1693.

Feb. 12th. Tuesday—S. Agatha, V. M., 257.—S. Eulalia, V. M., 304.—2d D,

Feb. 13th. Wednesday—S. Catherine de Ricci, V. O. S. D., 1590.—S. Raymond of Pennafort, O.P., 1275—FR.

Feb. 14th. Thursday—S. Joseph of Leonnissa, Capuchin, 1612.—S. Valentine, M. 306.—H.H.

Feb. 15th. Friday—SS. Faustinus and Jovita, MM., 122.—Twenty-six martyrs, Japan, 1507

Feb. 16th. Sunday—S. Onesimus, Bp. Disciple of S. Paul.

Secret Societies.

As was to have been expected, the anti-religious element is trying to make capital out of the late condemnation of certain secret societies. The liberties of the American people are assailed, is the war cry. It would be equally logical to assert that the said liberties are endangered by proclaiming the Ten Commandments and the Precepts of the Gospel.

The Church instinct with zeal for souls, exercises her divine mission continuously on the lines laid down by Jesus Christ. She is semper eadem in propounding the truth, and in dispensing the means of grace. While her teaching and sacramental system are unchanged and unchangeable, her discipline varies according to times and circumstances. Her experience of nearly twenty centuries among men of every nation, has created a practical wisdom in the natural order even unsurpassed on earth.

When then in the interest of her own children the Church condemns sundry societies as being dangerous to their eternal welfare, she is but performing the spiritual office for which she is called into existence. Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati while demanding prompt obedience to the recent decree declares these secret societies dispose men to Freemasonry, that they weaken regard for the Church by inculcating a merely natural morality, and that the secret oath and some of the practices are contrary to natural religion. The Archbishop of Milwaukee is still more explicit.

"This decision, dearly beloved, contains nothing new and nothing to cause surprise; for, long since and repeatedly the Catholic church has declared that she considers those societies illicit and forbidden which:

"1—Unite their members for the purpose of conspiring against the state or church.

"2—Demand the observance of secrecy to such an extent, that it must be maintained even before the rightful ecclesiastical authority.

"3—Exact an oath from their members or a promise of blind and absolute obedience.

"4—Make use of a ritual and ceremonies that constitute them sects.

Plain and intelligible though these rules were, the question easily arose in regard to certain societies whether or not these rules found application in their instance. Rome has now spoken, and with relation to the three societies mentioned there can no longer be any doubt; the true and firm Catholic will not hesitate a moment in his attitude towards them.

In 1862, the Rev, Dr. Murray of Maynooth prepared a syllabus on the legislation of the Church concerning secret societies. This was published in 1864 as an appendix to Robertson's lectures on modern history and biography. Therein is set forth information which is singularly opportune at present.

The promptitude with which the degree has been officially promulgated, and the silent deference shown it wherever it has been published, is proof that the children of the Church willingly submit to her beneficient guidance although it may involve material sacrifice.

Approved by the Church.

Our contemporary, the Monitor claims it "is the only Catholic paper in this State approved by the Church." Now "the Curchh" in the mouth of a Catholic has a very definite meaning. We have therefore the right to ask the date of the said approval, and by whom it is signed. That the Monitor is the organ of the Archdiocese is known to all, and it is generally believed to be the property of ecclesiastics in high standing. But surely neither of these establishes the claim to be approved by the Church. Indeed does she, or has she ever approved a paper?

Nor can we see the right to imply the non-approval of other Catholic papers, merely because of the existence of the official organ. The Univers of Paris, the Germania of Berlin, the Tablet of London, the Universe of London, the Boston Pilot, and many other weeklies and dailies, though conducted and edited by laymen, have in our lifetime fought the good fight without being organs of their respective dioceses, have received the highest commendation from Rome and have sometimes enjoyed the courteous aid of their ordinaries.

The Holy Father's words concerning the press in the Encyclic, just published, are worty of reproduction. They are the guide for all Catholic papers.

"We are aware that already there are in labor in this field many of skill and experience whose diligence demands words of praise rather than of encouragement. Nevertheless, since the thirst for reading and knowledge is so vehement and widespread amongst you and since, according to the circumstances, it can be productive either of good or evil, every effort should be made to increase the number of intelligent and well disposed writers who take religion for their guide and virtue for their constant companion. And this seems all the more necessary in America on account of the familiar intercourse and intimacy between Catholics and those who are estranged from the Catholic name, a condition of things which certainty exacts from our people great circumspection and more than ordinary firmness. It is necessary to instruct, admonish, strengthen and urge them on the pursuit of virtue and to the faithful observance, amid so many occasions of stumbling, of their duties towards the church. It is, of course, the proper function of the clergy to devote their care and energies to this great work, but the age and the country require that journalists should be zealous in this same cause and labor in it to the full extent of their powers. Let them however, seriously reflect that their writings, if not precisely prejudicial to religion, will surely be of slight service to it unless in accord of mind they all seek the same end.

DUTIES OF CATHOLIC EDITORS.

"Those who desire to be of real service to the church and with their pens heartily to defend the Catholic cause should carry on the conflict with perfect unanimity, and, as it were, with serried ranks; for they rather inflict than repel war if they waste their strength by discord—in like manner their work, instead of being profitable and fruitful, becomes injurious and disastrous whenever they presume to call before their tribunal the decisions and acts of bishops and casting off due reverence, cavil and find fault, not perceiving how a great disturbance of order and how many evils are thereby produced. Let them be mindful of their duty and not overstep the proper limits of moderation. The bishops, placed in a lofty position of authority are to be obeyed, and suitable honor befitting the magnitude and sanctity of their office should be paid them. Now, this reverence which it is lawful to no one to neglect should af necessity be eminently conspicuous and exemplary in Catholic journalists. For journals, naturally circulating far and wide, come daily into the hands of everybody, and exert no small influence upon the opinions and morals of the multitude.

"We have ourself, on frequent occasions, laid down many rules respecting the duties of a good writer; many of which were unanimously inculcated, as well by the third council of Baltimore. as by the archbishaps in their meeting at Chicago in 1893. Let Catholic writers, therefore, bear impressed upon their minns, our teachings, and yours on this point; and let them resolve that their entire method of writing shall be thereby guided if they need desire and ought to desire to discharge their duty well."

Sacred Duty of Parents.

Archbishop Katzer of Milwaukee before leaving to make his ad limina visit to Rome issued a pastoral letter to his clergy and people urging in tender parental zeal the need of establisning a school in every parish. In a few well expressed sentences principles are stated which should be household words in every Catholic family.

His Grace says: "It is the sacred duty of parents to send their children to a Catholic school no less than it is their duty to give them a religious Catholic education; an education which will enable them, in the first place, to attain their eternal end. Beyond doubt, parents are under obligation to procure such education for their children as will equip them for gaining a decent livelihood; beyond doubt also, the State has a right to demand of parents to educate their children that they will be useful, peace-abiding and loyal citizens, ready to defend their country, not simply in cheap and trite phrases, but with their fortunes and their blood, if necessary; yet, in the first place and above all, God has a right, a sovereign right, an absolute right, which no one can infringe with impunity, that His creature, His likeness, whom He has made, whom He has redeemed with His blood, whom He has destined for the beatific vision of the enjoyment of Himself, that man should be educated for Him. And next to God, the children have the sacred and inalienable right of being qualified for their sublime end. This education of the child for God is the education of the child in religion, and in most cases it is not attained without a Catholic school. During the period in which the child attending attends school, its heart may be likened to the clay of the potter, susceptible for every impression, for good as well as for evil; even more, the child, though young, is not lifeless clay; it is an intellectual being; it already begins to think, to judge and to draw conclusions. What respect will a child have for religion; what a conception will it have of its religious duties; how can the best admonitions of its parents take root; if week upon week the child hears nothing of God, of Jesus Christ, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, from its teachers, whom it is asked to regard with the greatest esteem, and if it daily associates with other children and hears them turning religion into derision and repeating what they have learned at home from an infidel father or an unbelieving elder brother?

"For these and other reasons the fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore have made very wise regulations, wherein they have instructed the Catholic people what they must do if they would fulfill their duty with regard to education."

Divorce—Scriptural Grounds.

It is with sincere joy that we remark a re-action in the public mind against the deadly pest of our commonwealth, divorce. Marriages are decreasing, while divorces are rapidly increasing. This means fewer families and disbanded homes. In other words it is a canker slowly but surely destroying family and family life. "Clericus," apparently a Protestant Episcopalian of San Francisco has made a movement in the right direction, by interesting brother clergymen of other Protestant persuasions in the question. Judging by reported interviews with several of these reverend gentlemen they while differing much on the question of divorce, take it as axiomatic, that the scripture allows dissolution of the marriage tie on account of adultery.

The Roman Catholic is the mother and mistress of all churches. For centuries before any one of the Protestant persuasions appeared, she was in existence. She was the sole conservor and guardian of the Holy Scriptures. She it was that decided which were the inspired writings. Surely then, it is modest at least, to ask her interpretation. She has given it in no uncertain notes. No man and no legislation can validly dissolve the marriage tie consummated, death alone can sever it. She refers to Mark X, 11, 12, to Luke XVI, 18, to Rom VII, 2, 3, to I Cor VII, 10, 11, as witnessing to the indissolubility of marriage under all circumstances in the Christian dispensation. The passages from St. Matthew, on her interpretation contain three assertions; first, Whoever shall send away his wife unless for adultery is himself guilty of adultery; second, Whosoever shall marry again even when the wife has been sent away for any cause whatever is guilty of adultery; third, he that shall marry her that is sent away for any cause whatever is guilty of adultery.

Here then we have the professors of Christianity divided in two camps, Schismatic Greeks and Protestant sects on the one side upholding and permitting divorce on one ground, the Catholic Church strenuously denying that such is allowed. Both cite Scripture in support of their respective teaching. Which then is the revelation of Christ? If there be no unerring infallible authority to decide, of what practical value is the New Testament?

Mgr. Satolli and His Mission.

Monsignor Satolli was last week the guest of the Grid-Iron Club, Washington, D. C. We reserve till our next issue the very remarkable speech delivered before the exceptionally distinguished assemblage of members of the Cabinet, of the Justices of the Supreme Court, of the Army and Navy, of the Diplomatic Corps, and of the Press, on the Force of Public Opinion and the Province of Journalism. We reproduce today his statements about his mission as Papal Delegate.

"If you desire to know my misson among you, you will find it expressed in the condition enunciated for my favorable reception here, by a well-meaning, but misled writer in The Forum two years ago. It is to help to teach the ignorant, to raise the fallen, to lead the guilty and penitent to the invisible and divine Saviour, who alone has power to forgive sin; to console the sorrowing, to edify the believing, to promote righteousness, liberty, sympathy, and the spirit of Christian brotherhood throughout the land.' If you want to know what my mission is not. you have it in the words of this same writer, in which he explains what he thinks it is. He asserts that I am here to further the claims of the Pope 'to a kingdom of this world,' 'a kingdom which embraces the whole world,' 'all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.'

"In my own name and in that of Leo XIII., who sent me, I repudiate any such purpose. And when it shall please the Pope to recall me, trusting in the kindness and rectitude of the public press, as Samuel of old, on laying down the government of Israel, appealed to the assembled people to express their satisfaction or dissatisfaction with his adminisiration, so I shall not hesitate to present to the press of this country the record of my labors and say: 'Judge me.'"

The construction of the new railroad through the San Joaquin valley is now an assured fact. The generous response from all quarters in the way of subscriptions has shown that San Francisco is at last awakening to a sense of her rights, and will from now on demand a share of the trade which has been kept from her business men by reason of high and discriminating freight charges. Conspicious among those who have by their action, made the construction of the new road possible, the action of the Hibernia Bank, controlled by men noted for their conservative financial policy, in making an absolute donation of $50,000 stands out most prominently. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon them. They have shown their faith in California by their deeds, and their names should be handed down to posterity as benefactors of the people. These gentlemen are: J. R. Kelly, president; R. Tobin, secretary; Alfred ahd Joseph Tobin, attorneys, and H. Dimond, H. Doyle, J. J. O'Brien, R. M. Tobin and Charles Mayo, directors.

During the heated controversies consequent on late political movements, some very reckless propositions have been asserted about the relation of Church and State. Between what the sad necessities of the times will alone suffer and what ought to be in a Christian State there is a wide gulf. The following very pointed passage in the Pope's Encyclic ought to make stump orators and a press tainted with false liberalism more prudeut of speech:

"But while it is true that the church has progressed under the republic, yet it would be erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the most desirable status of the church, or that it would be universally lawful or expedient for state and church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced."

The new charter, which is now before the public of this city for consideration, seems to be the best of its kind yet presented. The objection to the one-man power delegated to the mayor could easily be removed, if a man like J. J. O'Brien, who assisted in framing the instrument, was selected at the next election to fill that important position. Occupying the high position that Mr. O'Brien does in commercial and social circles his nomination would attract the support of the best elements of the community.

Saved Her Life.

The definition of a "devout" Catholic among actors is one who goes to Church on a Sunday. In newspaper parlance the practice of not eating meat on Friday is good evidence of being a "devout" Catholic. Miss Barrymore, a member of the John Drew dramatic company, is a "devout" Catholic according to the newspapers, and this circumstance operated to her advantage while she was in Milwaukee She left an order to be called at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning at the Davidson hotel, so that she might attend early Mass. The execution of the order by the bell boy saved her life; a gas jet had been left open during the night, and Miss Barrymore was found in an unconscious condition. The discovery was made soon enough to revive her.

MY FOREST PATH.

I know a path all fringed with ferns,
A woodland path with many turns,
Where in the overarching trees,
That toss their heads in every breeze,
The wild birds carol sweetest lays
In vesper song and matin praise.
I sit me down, and at my feet
The light and shade, coquetting, meet.
The harshest sounds that greet my ear
Are tinkling bells in pastures near,
And rippling waves that to the shore
Repeat their story evermore.
Oh, fitful lake! so like my heart,
Thy moods strange thoughts within me start.
Like thee, I sometimes seem at rest,
But oft by surging cares oppressed.
Yet not today to wearied brain
Shall vexing problems come again.
The lake its soothing music hath,
And blessed peace my forest path.
—Anna S. Hunt in Boston Woman's Journal.

RECONCILED.

"Have pity!" cried the weeping rose.
"Oh, tear me not from this dear bower!
Here have I dwelt in sun and shower;
Here have I grown from bud to flower;
Here let me in my bloom repose."

"Weep not, O rose!" I whispered low.
"I'll take thee to a heavenly rest.
Upon my sweetheart's swelling breast
Thy beauty shall in rapture grow."
* * * * * * *
"I'm happy," sighed the smiling rose.
"Her radiant eyes upon me bend.
Her breath and mine in greeting blend.
I feel the throbbing of her heart.
Oh, never tear us two apart!
Here through life's bloom would I repose."
—Clement Clifford in New York Ledger.

Watches In the House.

Tom Reed has the finest watch in the house. It never varies more than two or three seconds a week. It is not especially costly, but it is a wonder for accuracy, and the ex-speaker never has the slightest trouble with it. There is a chronometer in the house lobby which is connected with the meteorological apparatus, and the members who happen to have fairly good timepieces set their watches by it every day. Reed's is easy at the head of the list, but Dingley, Turner of Georgia and Russell of Connecticut come close behind.—Washington Letter.

The Principle In Thought.

During normal sleep cerebral force is restored which during the day was consumed. We cannot during wakefulness maintain an electric supply as fast as we disperse it, as not only all thought, but simple consciousness itself, must consume something. Those are marvelous microscopic twinkles of electric light that attend the disruption of the microscopic cells when we think. Wonderful is that carnal enginery whose going, wrought by cerebral action, marks the genesis, and whose stopping indicates the exodus of our lives.—New York Advertiser.

A New Use For the Telephone.

It has remained for the latter part of the nineteenth century to evolve another and wholly different method from that usually employed for the transmission of osculatory favors. This is to have the matter accomplished by telephone. The invention is not, however, patented, and may upon occasion be adopted in other cities than Washington.—Washington Times.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Archbishop Riordan at Saint Bridgets' Church.

DEATH OF A SISTER.

Father Yorke's Eloquent Sermon on the Feast of St. Francis de Sales.

St. Bridget's.

The feast of St. Bridget was celebrated with the usual solemnity at this church last Sunday. The presence of Archbishop Riordan, who was announced to preach upon a subject of special moment to the congregation lending additional interest.

The musical program, under the direction of Joseph Roeckel, was as follows:

Lambelotte's mass in D by an enlarged chorus and instrumental accompaniment; soloists, Miss Catherine Coursen, Senorita A. Mojica, Mrs. H. Lewis, Miss Grace Merry, Ed Lotz and M. Pechin. Mme. Helen Coursen-Roeckel sang Cherubini's celebrated "Ave Maria," with French horn obligato by Herr Joseph Reitter. Gloria's "Veni Creator" was rendered by M. Pechin before the sermon. Herr Reitter played an adagio by Beethoven after the Agnus Dei.

The Archbishop began by alluding to the growth of the parish, and praised the work of the pastor, Rev. Father Cottle. He said the church property was still $12,000 in debt, and when that obligation had been liquidated he would approve of taking steps to replace the old church by a new and handsome edifice. The Archbishop spoke in discouragement of the idea of raising money by fairs, and asked the parishioners to give outright what they could afford.

"We read in today's Gospel that our Lord, fatigued from preaching to the multitude, came down to the Sea of Galilee to cross to the mountain to rest and repose. The Sea of Galilee is similar to the many inland sees of Switzerland and not foreign to our own land. There is found a depression of the earth some 600 feet below the table land, with large gulches or funnels, running down into the lake. The wind sweeps down these gulches, making it dangerous to navigation. Thus, when the storm arose during the passage of our Lord, the Apostles became alarmed and made this reproach: 'Is it no concern of Thine that we perish?' Our Lord awoke and reproached them for their want of faith. He bade the sea be still, and immediately a calm followed, illustrating the divine power.

Thus it is with the tumultuous ways of life. We are buffeted about upon the sea of life when left to ourselves, while under the direction of the invisible power we glide peaceably over the unruffled water. This incident in the life of the Savior may be accepted as a symbol of the light of each individual as he passes through the world.

Man's life on earth is a constant warfare. We live under a government of suffering. These facts are offered in objection to faith. Why this condition is true we do not know. Why God Almighty, in the economy of creation, has willed such conditions we do not understand. If we did we would be as God himself.

God is and is all that is good. He is anxious to have us obtain all the good we can out of nature. Therefore, if God is and is all that is good, all things will co-operate to those who love him. This pain-suffering and poverty that we see about us have their uses and application; they have something to do in the results that bring about eternal happiness.

In this day the struggle after material things is greater than ever. We see these things which only have a paying value in the markets of the world. The thinker, whose ideas and thoughts might revolutionize the world, the poet and writer and orator who fill the world with spirituality, are regarded as dreamers, while the world's estimate of a great man is the person who builds railroads or great factories, binding the victims of toil and struggle to the wheels. So we must accept conditions as they come. Dark shadows are thrown across the pathway of life from the time of the first cry of pain is heard on our infant lips until we are in the last agonies of death.

The Archbishop concluded his sermon with an eloquent appeal to the people to practice Christian truths and lead Christian lives.

Oakland.

The feast of St. Francis de Sales was celebrated with unusual pomp and ceremony Sunday at St. Francis De Sales Church. The parish is under the patronage of the great apostle of benevolence and humanity, and for that reason the services were of the most impressive character.

A Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10:30 A. M. The music was especially fine, being rendered by a largely augmented choir.

Rev. P. C. Yorke, the chancellor of the archdiocese, delivered the sermon. He spoke of the great saint's work on behalf of humanity. To him all mankind were brothers. They all owed their existence to one great creator and he practised as well as preached the sublime virtues of charity and benevolence. He set the world an example that although he was singled out as the Son of the Church and by it especially honored, those of all creeds and beliefs might follow.

In St. Francis de Sales the orphan, the slave, the opppressed and the wretched have a patron. Those of wealth and means have a guide, a bright light that illuminated the way in which to direct the use of God's providence, which was given to them in trust and for which the Eternal One will demand an account of their stewardship.

The members of the Catholic Ladies Aid Society are making extensive preparations for their musical and dramatic entertainment to be given at St. Francis de Sales' Hall on the evening of the 26th inst. The admission fee will be 25c. Mr. Walter Wilson will have charge of the musical portion of the entertainment, and the dramatic will be supervised by Miss M. Hanlon.

The regular weekly meeting will be held on Tuesday afternoon at 2:20.

The Children of Mary of St. Francis de Sales Church gave an entertainment on Monday evening in St. Francis de Sales hall, entitled an "Evening with Moore." The attendance was la ge and enthusiastic, and each number was greeted with generous rounds of applause. The lectnre by Rev. Eugene O'Growney was omitted, owing to the Father's sudden illness. Miss Rose Nolan read a paper on "Irish Poetry," which showed a deep study of the subject, and a familiarity with the writings of the bards of Ireland tha' made it particularly intesting. Miss Nolan is possessed of a clear voice and an excellent delivery, and the audience testified their appreciation of it by demanding a recall.

The following was the program:

Quartette, ... "The Young May Moon."
Miss Sullivan, Mr. Fairweather,
Miss Carroll Mr. Auerbach
Tenor Solo, ... "The Minstrel Boy,"
Henri Fairweather.
Instrumental Trio, ... "Irish Diamonds."
Miss Baker, Miss A. Baker
Miss M. Grennan
Songs, a "Silent Oclloyle,"
b "The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls,"
Miss B. Sullivan.
Violin Solo ..... Miss Mabel Crabtree.
Recitation, ... "Orange and Green,"
Frank Taylor.
Contralto Solo (in Gaelic) .. "The Song of Sorrow,'
Miss Grace Carroll
Paper, ... "Irish Poetry,"
Miss Rose Nolan.
Duett, ...
Miss Sullivan, Mr. Fairweather.
Instrumontal Duett .....
Misses Baker
Solo, ... "Asthore,"
Miss Carroll.
Quartette .....
Miss Sullivan, Mr. Fairweather,
Miss Carroll, Mr. Auerbach
Miss Mabel Crabtree, Accompanist.

Sister M. Benedicta of the Sacred Heart, formerly Miss Martha Edwards, died at the Sacred Heart Convent on Webster street, on Wednesday. A solemn Requiem High Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated yesterday in the Convent chapel by Rev. Father King. A large number of the clergy were present.

Work on St. Mary's College is being rapidly pushed. It is now stated the re-built college will be ready for occupancy about September 1st.

Stockton.

Last Sunday $75 was collected in St. Mary's Church to be donated to the fund for the unemployed, and J. D. Gall added $10, which, together with the amount already in the fund, will afford employment to a large number of men. There are a large number of unemployed in Stockton, and this movement gotten up for their benefit is something that all business men approve of, and the various streets show a marked improvement since the new move.

At the 8:30 o'clock Mass last Sunday, Rev. Father Whibbs preached at considerable length to the members of the Young Ladies' Sodality on the occasion of their communion Sunday. The sodality has largely increased its roll of membership in the past two months, as was evident from the number that approached Holy Communion, and it affords Rev. Father Whibbs and the other priests of the parish much gratification to see the interest manifested by the ladies.

It is a source of encouragement to be present at the 8:30 o'clock Mass, and witness the large number of boys and girls in attendance at the Brother's School and St. Agnes' Academy as they march in procession into the church, under the care of their respective teachers. The number in attendance at the Brother's school is nearly 175, and at the convent nearly 200 girls receive instruction. Their singing, in connection with a select choir, is beautiful. The teachers of both schools deserve much praise for the good work they are accomplishing among the young of St. Mary's parish.

Elaborate preparations are being made by the members of Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, No, 7, for their cascarone ball, to be given in Weber hall, Monday evening, February 25th, and from the number of tickets already sold the affair promises to be a financial success. The committee of arrangements are working earnestly and propose to leave nothing undone to make it pleasant for all who attend.

San Jose.

Friday of last week being the first Friday of February the Bona Mors from an early hour gathered round the altar rails in St. Joseph's Church to receive the Holy Sacrament. On all such occasions it is truly edifying to see the great numbers, who at the several Masses, go meekly to partake of the Bread of Life.

On this day too for the 9 o'clock Mass, the pupils of the several classes of the Notre Dame Academy and schools were led into the church by the Sisters, filling up the greater part of the sacred edifice. One could not forbear looking at those young ladies as they walked single file up the middle aisle, and as if by some concerted signal, all genuflected at the same moment, and then moved in a most becoming manner to the pews set apart for them. Who, looking on, could help observing the pious deportment and great training of these young people, every one of whom impressed on those present the belief that she felt she was in the presence of the Almighty, and was shortly to receive the Lord of Hosts?

It is something worth remembering. To the reader these items may, perhaps, seem as a passing event, but to the person looking on such true devotion does not seem as merely a sunstroke upon the hillside that passes away and is gone forever. No. no! If the scene of this day passes into the future it does so not to vanish, but to stay—a fixture producing the good religions fruit that Providence intended that such training must bring forth, and which is destined to go down as a noble inheritance from generation to generation.

This is the blessed work of the good sisters and the worthy pastor. It fills the soul of the coldest with an emotion at once felt, but which cannot be easily described; and that such work may always continue here and everywhere, is the wish of your reporter.

The entertainment and dance given by Young Ladies' Institute, No. 32, at Y. M. I. hall on Friday evening of last week, was an exceeding pleasant affair. The early hour of the evening was given up to a splendid musical and literary program, as follows:

Overture, Brohaska's orchestra; tenor solo, "Good night, Oh Sweet Child," Earnest Wenzel; recitation, "Nobody's Child," Helen Marsky; French horn solo, "Madeline" Fred Brohaska; burlesque lecture on "Woman's Wrights," Miss E. Rainford; vocal solo, "Oh Happy Days," Miss Tillie Brohaska; instrumental solo, "Return of Spring," Miss M. C. P gue.

The program was a very enjoyable one and each participant was compelled to respond to an encore. At its conclusion dancing was commenced and continued until midnight. The committee on arrangements c nsisted of Mrs. F. B. Hinkelbein, Miss Kate Foley and Miss E. Higgins. The floor committee was composed of M. McCarthy, F. B. Hinkelbein and J. W. Sullivan. Miss Clara Miotchi was the accompaniest.

The young ladies have decided to give a literary social in conjunction with the Y. M. I. every month. Their membership at present is 150.

Holy Cross.

Rev. Father McGinty intends building a handsome stone church on Eddy street, between Scott and Devisadero, for the parish of Holy Cross.

The proposed church will be erected on a large lot adjoining the present wooden church of Holy Cross. As the site has a great depth, there will be ample room for a church of proportions large enough to accommodate parish requirements for many years to come, and at the same time the facade can be placed some distance from the sidewalk. The existing structure with its pretty garden in front will not be disturbed, as the intention is to utilize it for a Sunday-school and meeting hall.

No plans have yet been considered for the stone church edifice, though the design in view has an imposing and ornamental front of cut stone, and at least the side next to the hall of similar material, although not so finely finished.

Father McGinty has organized a building association in the parish for the purpose of carrying his favorite project into speedy execution. He has received such encouragement up to the present that, he says, the prospects for a sacred edifice to cost about $80,000 are quite favorable. In the few years of his pastorate at Holy Cross he has built a handrome residence for the clergy and paid $20,000 for land, and cleared off a mortgage on this property last year.

During the blessing of throats on Sunday, a relic of St. Blaise was displayed in a beautiful shrine, specially erected for the occasion

St. Joseph's.

In no church of the city did the observation of St. Blaise's feast day attract a larger attendance of the faithful than at St. Joseph's Church on Tenth street. The announcement that the blessing of the throats of all who presented themselves would take place, drew an attendance larger even than the population of the parish—and it is not a small parish by any means. Immediately after the last Mass the pastor, Father Scanlan, proceeded to bless the candles to be used on the occasion, and after the priests of the parish received the blessing from one of their number, they proceeded to bless individually at the communion rail. The two candles were crossed at the throat of each person, while the prayer was pronounced in the simple language of the Liturgy. Three o'clock was the hour set apart for the children, but apart from the two or three thousand little ones there were in the ever changing crowds almost as large a number of adults. The blessing was given almost without interruption until nightfall, and after the benediction in the evening, there was a repetition of the afternoon's scene. Though the priests of the parish were quite fatigued after such a strain, they apeared fully content in their exhaustion, for the spectacle of the afternoon and evening was not only a source of great satisfaction, but of parochial pride as well.

St. Francis.

The Forty Hours Devotion was solemnly celebrated last Sunday and succeeding days with appropriate ceremonies. The solemn High Mass on Sunday was sung by Rev. Father Corcoran, celebrant, assisted by Father Griffith as deacon, and Father Fitzpatrick, sub-deacon. In the evening the sermon was divided into two parts, Father Griffith preaching the introductory portion, and Father Fitzpatrick, late of Australia, the remaining portion. On Monday the Mass was sung by Father Griffith. Rev. Father Gleason, of St. Joseph's Church, preached the sermon on Wednesday evening. His theme was, "The Institution." As Father Gleason was born in that parish, an immense congregation was present to listen to his words. His eloquence and able handling of his subject was a surprise to his many friends.

Solemn High Mass was sung on Tuesday by the same priests as on Sunday.

St. Patrick's.

The Young Men's Society had an exciting election on Monday night. It was the semi-aunual election for officers, and for each office there was a lively contest. The result was as follows: President, Wm. T. Flynn; First Vice-President, Wm. Breslin; Second Vice-President. Joseph P. Hayes; Financial Secretary, Frank J. Sullivan; Recording Secretary, Eugene F. Lacy; Marshal, Michael Borden; Executive Committee—F. J. Sullivan, John Burns, James F. O'Brien, John Loney and Oliver Wennerstand.

Los Angeles.

In the early part of the week, a report came from Los Angeles, that while on a visit of inspection, Bishop Montgomery was taken seriously ill. Later reports are of a more cheering character, and state that the severe cold with which he was attacked, had given away to careful treatment. and that his Lordship is in a fair pay to an early recovery.

Alameda.

Rev. J. F. Byrne, of St. Mary's Cathedral, treated the congregation on Sunday night to a very eloquent sermon on "Hope." Father Byrne is developing into one of the most promising pulpit orators on the coast, and all his sermons show a vast depth of research.

Sacramento.

Among the horde of undesirable persons attracted to this city by the legislature may be mentioned J. J. Gosper, ex-governor of New Mexico, and a member of the Supreme Council of the A. P. A., and W. S. G. Todd, of Los Angeles, vice-president of the order in this State. They are interested in certain legislation, but decline to state what. They will bear watching.

Personal.

Rev. Father Brady, of old St. Mary's College Parish who was badly wounded some five weeks ago by an unknown man at his residence on the Mission road, is now on the road to recovery, although still confined to his bed. On Wednesday of last week Dr. A. T. Leonard, removed part of the ligament in the finger that was bitten and also a piece of bone, and all danger from blood poisoning is now considered past. In addition to Dr. Leonard's skillful treatment, Brother Lawrence, Infirmarian of St. Mary's College, is also taking care of him.

Fish for Lent.

As usual with the approach of the Lenten season, Sbarboro & Co. have put in a splendid stock of all kinds of fiish, pickled, salt and smoked. These goods are of prime quality, and are sold at prices which place them within the reach of all. See advertisement on third page.

CAPTAIN HINKEY DEFENDED.

Ex-Judge Howland Attacks His Critics at the Yale Alumni Dinner.

The Yale alumni of New York city held their annual love feast and glorification meeting at Sherry's the other night with the usual accompaniment of college yells and music, followed by talks on various subjects. Ex-Judge Henry E. Howland, the president of the association, had some things to say in defense of Captain Hinkey of the football team after he had tickled his audience by telling how few vacant places of public trust Yale alumni had left for other men. Referring to football, he said:

"Wellington said the football fields of England gave them the victory at Waterloo, and although I would approach an editor who takes a different view in a deferential attitude and beg his pardon for differing from him, I should say that whatever makes a man strong, active, quick witted, temperate and well disciplined is of inestimable value to him in after life, and this is what the well regulated game of football does. Yale has been a great school of instruction in it for the past 15 years.

"It is difficult to restrain within the bounds of moderation the feeling of indignation at the treatment by certain newspapers during the past season of the Yale team, one of the best that has ever been on the field, and its captain, who has never been outclassed by any player of any college or any time. The flings and taunts at them for not following the advice of self constituted mentors as to with whom and where they should play were incessant. Misrepresentation of their actions and motives were of daily occurrence. Their work was belittled and their pretensions ridiculed.

"Whatever may have been the reason, whether a conspiracy to punish him for his natural reserve or partisan prejudice, there was nothing charged against him that equaled the 'kneeing' that these newspapers have given him, but the whole body of Yale men, who know him, resent the accusations, assure him that they respect him for his sand, his ginger, his supreme excellence as a player and for his qualities as a man and say to his critics, who assert that they aim to tell the truth, that they are very bad shots.

"The Yale men have never fought over in the newspapers their football games, nor have their friends. They have left it to others in every case, especially the game at Springfield. One happy result of the controversy is probable—that another game will never be played in New York, but all of them on the college grounds."

President Dwight said among other things, in referring to the changes that have taken place in college life:

"People say that the present generation of college men is extravagant. Things are not going so badly as some people imagine. The conditions have changed. The lives of our sons are not limited in many of the ways that we were. The class which graduated 20 years ago spent on the average a little more than the class that graduated last summer. I rejoice that my children are not going to pass through what I did. The improvement of manners and the development of gentlemanly character among college students has been going on."

The smoke of burning tobacco contains nicotia, nicotianine, salts of ammonia, hydrocyanic acid, sulphureted hydrogen, three or four volatile acids, phenol, creosote and several other substances.

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Dividend Notices.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE GERman Savings and Loan Society, 526 California st.,—For the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on term deposits and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1895.

GEO. TOURNY, Sec.

AGENTS WANTED

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California Catholic

'TWAS WINTER TIME.

A rose, a rose, a rich red rose
Upon my lady's breast,
Its petals large, its calyx deep,
Its stem with green leaves dressed.

'Tis rich with beauty, in color rare—
Oh, what a combination!—
The same as she whose smile on me
I see in adoration.

But the rose, the rose, the rich red rose
Which glows on her gown of gray
Is very scarce this time of year—
It cost my last week's pay.
—Minneapolis Times.

A MAN'S BEST IDEAS.

An Old Student Says They Come Into the Mind Unexpectedly.

Professor von Helmholtz, the great German scientist of imperishable fame, not long before his death gave an interesting review of his life work on the occasion of the celebration of his seventieth birthday, in which, among other things, he reveals some instructive features of his habits of study and the process by which he won his ideas as well as the time and manner in which it was his wont to commit the latter to paper: "As it has frequently been my lot to have to await in uncertainty the arrival of appropriate thoughts and conceptions, which then would break suddenly and unheralded upon me, I have just gained some experience in the management of these capricious ideas. This may be of utility to other students of like physiological temperament.

"The best ideas have often stolen silently into the current of my thoughts while the latter were not employed in seeking them. I know not by what process of unconscious cerebration they were evolved. I only knew that they were there. Nor could I at first fully estimate the importance of such unexpected but welcome visitors.

"These ideas never introduced themselves when my brain was tired and almost never at my writing table. I had first to turn my problem in all directions and envisage it from every side, and thereafter to consign it to my involuntary thoughts without even prematurely attempting to solve it within myself or committing my reflections to writing. Long and patient preliminary investigation was the unconditional prerequisite to success.

"No matter how urgent the necessity for action, I must always give my brain its time to relax from fatigue or strain and await the recurrence of a feeling of both physical and mental well being and contentment before writing for publication. My most valuable ideas have presented themselves in the morning on my awakening from a refreshing sleep, but the favorite period for them has been while I was seeking relaxation by roaming slowly over picturesque hills or through wooded parks in the bright sunlight. The slightest indulgence in alcoholic beverages sufficed to banish them from my grasp."—Baltimore Sun.

Good Horse Sense In Burros.

The Mexican burros ascertain where to dig for water by closely observing the surface of the ground. We had found in an arroyo a sufficient quantity of water to make coffee when we observed three burros searching for water. They passed several damp places, examining the ground closely, when the leader halted near us and commenced to paw a hole in the dry, hot sand with his right forefoot. After awhile he used his left forefoot. Having dug a hole something over a foot in depth, he backed out and watched it intently. To our surprise, it soon commenced to fill with water. Then he advanced and took a drink and stepped aside, inviting, I think, the others to take a drink. At all events they promptly did so and then went away, when we got down and took a drink from their well. The water was cool and refreshing—much better, in fact, than we had found for many a day. There is no witchcraft about the Mexican burros, but they have good horse sense.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Feather Superstition.

We have long been acquainted with the peacock feather superstition, but were not aware until a few days ago that it extended to all feathered creatures. A young girl admired the beautiful pigeons strutting, cooing and sunning themselves in the covert of the house where she was boarding and asked the landlady to sell her a pair to take home with her. "No, indeed, child," was the immediate response. "Not for any money would I sell you those birds. When one person gives or sells an acquaintance a feathered thing, there is sure to be trouble between them, and I do not want to fall out with you."—Philadelphia Times.

An Easy Way.

The main object of life is to derive satisfaction from it, the philosophers say. Therefore when you are what is commonly known as selfish and grasping you can silence your conscience by telling it that you are no worse than the unselfish and sacrificing. You simply have another method of enjoying life.—Exchange.

London Newsgirls.

The London Weekly Telegraph, a miscellany published in connection with the Sheffield Daily Telegraph, is now being sold in the streets of London by a corps of presentable damsels, becomingly dressed in a uniform of dark gray, with red facings, hood lined with the latter color and forage cap to match.

A fortnight after Easter the English formerly observed a festival called Hocktide. It was customary for the women to go out into the streets with cords and bind the men whom they met until the latter purchased their release with small contributions of money.

During the first century after Christ tallow was 6 cents a pound; cheese, 14 cents; butter, 18 cents; honey, 24 cents; peas, 6 cents, and beans, 10 cents.

Cape Conception, California, was called after one of the vessels in the fleet of Cortez

THE MAGNETIC GIRL.

An Explanation of How Her Tricks May Easily Be Duplicated.

While in Chicago I saw the announcement of an electric girl who included in her repertory a new trick, or at least one that I had not yet seen. A stick about four feet long and as thick as a broomstick was produced, and I and another gentleman were requested to hold it in a vertical position before us while grasping it firmly in both hands. The girl, standing in front of and facing us, placed the palm of her open hand against the lower portion of the stick, resting it on the side nearest to us and farthest from herself. After rubbing her hand up and down for a few moments in order "to make better electric contact," as we were informed, and after enjoining us to hold the stick perfectly vertical, we were told to press down on it as hard as we could.

This we did until the veins seemed to stand out on our foreheads; but, exert ourselves as hard as we could, we, two strong men, were unable to press down hard enough to make the stick slip past the open palm of her hand. Had the girl grasped the stick with her two hands, I am sure she could not have withstood my downward pressure alone. I would have borne her, stick and all, to the floor. But there she stood, with but one open hand bearing against the side of the stick, and both us could not by our united efforts force the stick past that wonderful hand. Surely there seemed something uncanny about this. But it is very simply explained.

The whole secret consists in insisting upon the men holding the stick in a vertical position. When the girl's open hand is first placed against the lower portion of the stick, she moves it two or three times up and down, pulling gradually more and more against it. As this tends to pull the stick away from the vertical, she insists that the men keep it straight. Thus cautioned, they will exert more and more effort until, when she feels that the pressure against her hand is sufficient, she instructs them to push down with all their might. They do so and imagine that they are exerting a tremendous vertical thrust, whereas their vertical effort is actually very slight—insufficient even to overcome the friction of the stick against her moist hand. The men are really exerting a tremendous effort, but are deceived as to its direction. With their hands tightly grasping the upper end of the stick they are really trying to force the other end of the stick against the palm of her hand.—N. W. Perry in Cassier's Magazine.

WHY WOMEN MAKE POOR DETECTIVES

A Secret Service Man Says the Opposite Sex Make Bad Spies.

"Women are not good detectives," said an experienced secret service man on being asked his opinion. "To begin with, there are many places to which a woman cannot go without exciting suspicion, and this defeats her object at the outset, but beyond this woman is unfitted by nature for detective work.

"In the first place, she jumps at a conclusion and acts on it in opposition to all human probabilities, possibilities and reason. As a rule, a woman does not reason. She looks on a thing as she wants it to be or thinks it ought to be, and will follow that theory. She is led by prejudices, favors or sympathies, regardless of facts.

"As a detective she is sometimes a success in entrapping a man, but her work generally ends in a blunder which betrays her. She is persevering only when moved by passion. She does not look at a case dispassionately. She at once decides that he or she is guilty or innocent and works on that theory.

"A woman enjoys the mysterious, and she is so elated at her position as detective that she is unable to conceal her identity or the secret investigations of a case.

"Women are even failures in running down criminals of their own sex. A woman criminal will mislead a woman detective by working on her vanity, credulity or sympathy, and, worst of all, if the detective be attractive and the man criminal handsome—well, a man is better for detective work, and besides a woman will sell out a case, and cheaply at that, relying upon her sex to escape punishment if detected."—New York Herald.

Sickrooms.

A medical journal urges, sensibly enough, that in the present extravagant expenditure in house building a little money should be laid out in arranging for a sickroom, built on the sunny side and equipped with at least the simple means for isolation and care of a sick person. Ventilation should be well considered. The walls may be of washable material—paint tiles or covered with waterproof bath paper. The plumbing should be out of but convenient to it. A little of the time and money invested in libraries, ballrooms and oriental parlors spent on an apartment whose use in an emergency not unusual to frail humanity may insure the comfort and safety to the family that is necessary to the enjoyment of the more luxurious rooms.

English Women's Shoes.

English women are teaching American women some important facts about footgear. We know today that a touch of patent leather removes the shoe from street use, except in case of walking to and from afternoon teas and luncheons. That only seal or calf skin suits the pavements; that low shoes are to be reserved for summer wear; that spats are not good form, except for men, and that laced shoes are the smart thing for the forenoon.

Health and Morality.

He who recklessly injures his health does not prove his unselfishness—he simply curtails his powers of doing good. And he who injures his character by welcoming evil influences is thereby inflicting a still greater evil upon the community.—Exchange.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy—
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide and seek
With dimples on each sun browned cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy—
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all,
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy—
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint today,
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy—a little boy!
—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

BUYING PRECIOUS STONES.

Some of the Valuable Gems and What They Are Made Of.

Buying jewels is as hazardous as buying horses, and could anything possibly be more risky than the latter? White sapphires have occasionally been sold as diamonds, and as proof that white topaz may easily be confused with them one has only to recall the fact that the largest diamond in the world, the Braganza, belonging to the crown of Portugal and valued at £58,000,000, is by many considered to be only a topaz. Carbon, in a pure crystallized state, is in every color of the rainbow, red, orange, green, blue and even black, and occasionally the colored are as valuable as a brilliant of the same size.

The jewels next in hardness to the diamond are the sapphire and the ruby, called by experts corundum, or crystallized clay. Blue corundum is called sapphire; red, ruby; green, oriental emerald; orange, oriental topaz, and violet, oriental amethyst. The word oriental distinguishes these from real emerald, topaz and amethyst, which are distinct minerals.

The largest and most famous ruby in the world forms part of the imperial state crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838. It is believed that this ruby was worn in front of the helmet of Henry V at Agincourt.

The most precious sapphires and rubies, when cut and polished, show rays from the center to the sides in the form of a six pointed star. On this account they are called star sapphires or rubies. It is difficult to produce a gem upon these stones on account of their exceeding hardness, but there are a few good intaglios and cameos extant in both—one, a cameo head of Cupid, by Isler, one a sapphire; another, a front face cameo head of Diana on a ruby, by Pistrucci.

Topaz is the next jewel in degree of hardness. It consists of about half clay, one-third flint and the rest fluoric acid. The best are yellow, with sometimes a greenish tinge. Some found in Brazil are perfectly colorless and are called "novamina" diamonds. They are more brilliant when polished than any jewel. There are a few blue topazes found—these are taken by the uninitiated for sapphires.—Philadelphia Press.

An Expert Opinion.

An old watchman, who used to keep guard in the department of justice, from long association with the legal lights in the building believed he had imbibed a fair share of learning in the law, and so when one night a telegram addressed to the attorney general came after hours he had no hesitancy in opening it and reading its message. It asked the question, "Is a man to be held responsible for a crime committed while under the influence of liquor?" The watchman pondered over this message for some time, and, as he knew what the influence of liquor was, he sent the laconic answer: "No indeed. (Signed) John Jones, in charge of department of justice." Of course there was an immediate attack on the attorney general for such a decision, and the matter came to the ears of the department. An investigation was made and the watchman suspended for three months. That did not worry him, however. With effrontery that simply dumfounded the clerks, he came to the building every pay day during that time of suspension and drew his salary.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Queer Postoffice.

One of the strangest postoffices in the world is away down at Terra del Fuego, in the toe end of the big shoe, which is what the map of South America looks like. The "office" is a big barrel, and it is fastened to a rock overlooking the straits of Magellan. Every ship that rounds Cape Horn stops at this odd postoffice. A boat puts out to the shore with letters to be left, and the sailor who takes them looks over those already in the barrel, taking out and bringing away with him any that his ship can forward to their destination. Then he fastens the cover on the barrel with its hook and staple, and the queer old postoffice that needs no postmaster or mailbags is left to itself until the next ship comes by.—New York Times.

Preserving Wood.

It is said that wood may be thoroughly preserved by being impregnated with a strong solution of calcium bisulphate and afterward with caustic lime. The pores are thus filled with the two solutions, which are oxidized by exposure to the air and become practically a part of the wood itself.

Hannibal was ruined by marriage. After his first victorious campaigns in Italy he went into winter quarters at Capua, where he married, and the wedding festivities lasted until his army was demoralized, and always afterward was worthless for fighting purposes.

A decapitated snail, kept in a moist place, will in a few weeks grow a new head quite as serviceable and good looking as that which was taken away.

HER MIRROR.

A Japanese Story of Its Influence on a Motherless Girl.

At Y. M. C. A. hall Yeataso Okano, a Japanese, told the following story to a large audience:

"Once upon a time there lived in a little hamlet in Japan a young couple. They had one child—a beautiful little girl whom both loved very dearly. It came to pass while the child was still a baby girl that the father was obliged to take a long journey to the far distant city. It was too far for him to take his wife and child, so he left them at home and traveled alone.

"In that great city he saw many new things which, having lived in the peaceful little hamlet up among the mountains all his life, he had never seen before. He desired to take home to his wife some of these new things which seemed to him so wonderful. And the most wonderful gift he could take, it seemed to him, was a mirror. He wished to take home to his wife the pleasure and surprise he had experienced when he first looked into a mirror. So he took one home to his wife.

"When he arrived home' he gave the present to his wife, and for the first time she looked into a mirror. 'What do you see?' her husband asked. She replied: 'I declare! I see a very pretty woman. She wears her hair just as I do mine, and she smiles and moves her lips as if she were talking to me.' Her husband told her that the mirror was a present for her, and he hoped she would use it every day. But the wife thought it far too beautiful and rare and costly a gift to use every day, so she put it carefully away and never spoke about it to the little daughter, who grew more beautiful and more like her mother every day.

"By and by a great misfortune fell upon that little household. The wife and mother fell sick, and it was soon evident that she must die. As she lay upon her deathbed she called her little daughter to her and told her that she was going to lose her mother forever. She could point to no future life after death in which they should be reunited, but in the love and simplicity of her heart she did the best she could. She told her little daughter about the wonderful mirror. 'After I am dead,' she said, 'take down that box and look into the mirror that it contains. There you will see my face. And I want you to look into the mirror every day, that you may never forget your mother, and that you may grow like me more and more every day.'

"So the mother died. The little girl did as she had been told, and in the wonderful mirror she thought she saw her mother's face, young and beautiful—not as she had seen her, pale and ill as she lay dying, but fair and fresh as she had looked before the fatal illness. And the little girl looked into the mirror every day and thought of her mother and her many lovely ways, and so it came about that she grew to be more and more like her mother as the years went by."—Rochester Post-Express.

PICTURESQUE ECONOMY.

A Style of Laundry Work Said to Prevail In Boarding Houses.

A peculiar appearance in the front windows of an aristocratic boarding house on one of the leading avenues caused a discussion among passersby. In each pane was a square of white muslin, with embroidered edges, which was apparently glued to the pane.

"That's a queer way of keeping out the light," observed one citizen to another.

"Must be some new method of decoration," remarked another.

"Don't you know what that is?" said a young woman to her husband. "That's a window laundry."

"And what may that be?"

"It's the way ladies who board wash their fine handkerchiefs. You see, it dries and irons them at the same time."

"I see," answered the young man, "that they adhere like postage stamps. How do they do it?"

"Oh, you first catch your window; then you wash the panes and place the handkerchief against them, wringing wet. They stick like a plaster, and when they come off are as smooth as satin. In that way every woman can be her own laundress."

"I see," said her husband thoughtfully, "why so many families board."—Detroit Free Press.

Women Can't Hold Office In Washington.

Judge McClinton of the superior court of Clallam county has virtually decided that under law women cannot hold office in this state. The case which came before him was that of Charles Russell, relator, against Ella Guptill. Miss Guptill was in November elected superintendent of schools in this county, and received the largest majority of any of the successful candidates, but on the strength of an opinion received from the attorney general it was decided to contest her election, with the result that Judge McClinton overruled the demurrer of the complaint, which decides the case as far as the superior court is concenred. Miss Guptill's attorneys say that they will appeal the case to the supreme court.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Knew His Business.

"That's the seventh time this morning," said the shoe merchant as a customer left the store, "that you told me in a tone of voice that couldn't escape being overheard that a woman reminded you of 'Trilby.'"

"Yes," replied the new clerk, "and that's the seventh woman that I've sold a pair of shoes to."—Washington Star.

One street in Pompeii was called "Street of Dried Fruits," and in the shops considerable quantities of figs, raisins, plums and other fruits were found.

Some botanists believe that spelt is derived from wheat by a process of cross fertilization.

CROMWELL AND HIS HORSES.

An Accident That Befell the Protector While Driving In Hyde Park.

C. H. Firth, in an article on Oliver Cromwell's association with horses, says in Macmillan's Magazine:

"As Cromwell rose in power and rank his love of horses began to be more conspicuous. When he started from London in 1649 to reconquer Ireland, he went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, reddish gray." In 1655, when the Spanish embassador took his leave of the lord protector, Cromwell sent him "his own coach of six white horses"' to convey him to and from Whitehall. "Certain it is," adds the narrator, "that none of the English kings had ever any such."

The protector was not much of a whip, however. In 1654 the Count of Oldenburg sent Cromwell a present of six horses, and the protector's anxiety to make trial of their quality led to his well known adventure in Hyde park. On Friday, Sept. 29, he went with Secretary Thurloe and some of his gentlemen to take air in the park, ordered the six horses to be harnessed to his coach, put Thurloe inside of it and undertook to drive himself. "His highness," said a letter from the Dutch embassador, "drove pretty handsomely for some time, but at last, provoking those horses too much with the whip, they grew unruly, whereby his highness was flung out of the coach box upon the ground. His foot getting hold in the tackling, he was carried away a good while in that posture, but at last he got his foot clear, and so came to escape. He was presently brought home, and let blood, and after some rest taken is now well again. The secretary, being hurt on his ankle with leaping out of the coach, hath been forced to keep his chamber hitherto and been unfit for any business."

The royalist Scroggs, afterward chief Justice, writing of this incident, hoped that the next fall would be from a cart—hinting at the gallows. As to Cromwell's views on the burning question of horse racing, it is difficult to arrive at a positive conclusion. His constant aim was to possess as many good horses as he could afford. Whether he entered his horses for races or had the satisfaction of owning a winner history does not say.

HIS COLLATERAL GOOD.

How Tom Fitch of Nevada Used to "Raise the Wind."

Tom Fitch of Nevada was a bright fellow and one of the best writers and stump speakers of the west, but he was thriftless, and when he got hard up would resort to almost any means to get a stake.

One day he wrote a scathing speech denouncing Sharon, then president of the Bank of California and afterward United States senator from Nevada. In it he charged Sharon with almost every crime known to the decalogue or the statutes. He put the manuscript in a large envelope and walked into the Bank of California.

"Here," he said to the cashier, handing the package through the window, "here are some securities which I offer as collateral on a loan. Please hand them to Mr. Sharon in person, and I will wait for his answer."

Mr. Sharon was in his private office. Breaking the seal of the envelope, he found the speech and read it through, together with a note from Fitch, informing him that unless he was paid $5,000 he would deliver that speech in every town in the state. In a few minutes the cashier, on Mr. Sharon's order, reported that the collateral was all right and paid the happy Fitch the desired amount.

Three months afterward, having gone through the money in speculation and dissipation, Mr. Fitch made his appearance with another speech, this time of a very complimentary character, which he promised to deliver at ever convenient opportunity, for the same amount. That, too, proved good collateral, and the story would have never come to light if Fitch had not, in a moment of drunken frankness, told it himself.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

It Comes High to Be Rich.

Any one acquainted with the living expenses of persons who esteem themselves fairly comfortable finds a significant moral in the commands laid upon the rich by their physicians. Not only is the wealthy patient bidden to substitute costly table waters and even imported champagne for ordinary drinks, but every detail of his life seems regulated with a view to spending the most money for his needs. The whole world is ransacked for food that his weak stomach can digest, for clothing sanitarily suitable for his body. The infants of the rich are required to drink milk at 50 cents a quart and to wear tiny garments that exceed the cost of plain adult clothing. It may very well be that a child under 2 years old, fed and clothed according to a doctor's prescriptions, may cost more per annum than the living expense of a wholesomely clothed, fed and housed adult.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Holmes on Domestic Economy.

The laughable and the pathetic are sometimes strangely mingled in little exhibitions of domestic economy—a plate of apples, for instance, with the defective parts cut out for the children; a small basket of homemade gingerbread, with one or two pieces of pound cake carefully disposed on the surface so as to appear to the best advantage.—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Happened In Hades.

The grinning imps were packing sinners into the oven with a thing like a hay press. And the sinners groaned, all but one good natured looking man.

"Do you know," said the good natured man at last, "this is rather nice. Reminds me of when I lived in dear old Brooklyn and crossed the bridge at rush hours."—New York Recorder.

TALKING ON THE AIR

RECORD FOR LONG DISTANCE CONVERSATION WITHOUT A WIRE.

How Carlotta Got an Amateur Balloonist Out of a Fix a Mile Up In the Air—Her Voice Reached Over Four Miles—Gasbags Acted as Receivers.

Tales are plenty of long distances over which men's voices have been conveyed by the medium of placid water. An Adirondack guide tells of having talked in ordinary tones, on a very still day, with a companion 1½ miles distant at the other end of a lake, and another guide caps this story with one of yells which were heard and returned near a water extent of three miles. These tales are quite outdone by a well authenticated story told by Carlotta, once the most famous woman balloonist in the world. In her story air, instead of water, was the medium, and the distance of the conversation was four miles. It took place above the outskirts of St. Louis some years ago.

"It was an aeronautic exhibition," says Carlotta in telling the story, "and a young man named White, who was inexperienced in ballooning, had agreed to make an ascension. I had already gone up and was quietly drifting east on an easy air current when he started out. He had had enough experience to know how to handle the valves and sandbags, and he intended to go up a mile or so and then descend easily. Now, the upper air is full of varying currents. You may be going due west at a half a mile altitude, and when you get up a few hundred yards farther you may strike a current that carries you due east. Mr. White checked his upward career in a west bound draft, so that when he finally drited out of that current into mine we were a good long distance apart.

"I always have a powerful glass with me when I make an ascension. When I turned this on him, I saw that he was in trouble. His balloon had twisted a little in such a way that I judged it was likely to twist more, and he was clambering around the ropes trying to right it, but without much apparent conception of what was best to do. I was frightened for him, for when the bag of a balloon turns too much the gas begins to escape rapidly, and the results are likely to be serious. I knew that voices could be heard a long way in the air, for I had often heard people a mile below me shouting, so without knowing how far the two balloons were apart I decided to hail the other one. I gathered all my breath and shouted:

"'Hello, hello, hello!'

"Then I turned my glass on the other balloon again. Up where the air is so clear as it is a mile above the earth one can see at great distances with wonderful distinctness. Through my glass I could see Mr. White start and look all around him. That was quite awhile after I had shouted. He didn't seem to understand where the voice came from, but finally I saw him put his hands to his mouth, evidently making a speaking trumpet of them. I waited and waited and was just about to shout again when the huge gasbag above me began to thrill with sounds. They seemed to buzz along its sides and diffuse the air, only to collect and come whirring and rumbling down the funnel to be poured into my ears, and they formed in a tone that seemed made up of a million other tones:

"'Hello! Where—are—you?'

"It was the most peculiar sound I had ever heard. When it had scattered itself into silence, I took out my watch, and timing myself shouted:

"'Throw out one sandbag. I'll come to you!'

"Forty seconds later my balloon began to vibrate again, finally forming the words:

"'All right. In trouble!'

"There was method in my telling him to throw out the sandbag, as it was afterward of use. I threw out a number myself, for I reckoned that a little above me I would find a current to carry me toward Mr. White. This I did and was soon within a short distance of him, aerially considered. The trouble with his balloon was a slight disarrangement of the ropes, which I had myself experienced, so I told him what to do, and he was soon all right. As I explained to him when we reached the earth, we had been talking over an aerial telephone, the gasbags being the only material objects up there collecting all the sounds and acting as huge receivers."

"'Well,' said he, 'you got me out of a very bad scrape, but I never was so scared in my life as when that voice surrounded me. I thought the balloon was talking, and that I had gone crazy.

"'It was a pretty long talk,' said I, 'for, allowing the voice to travel five seconds to a mile by my timing, we must have been close to four miles apart.'

"'That's simply impossible,' said he.

"'Very well,' I said. 'That's why I told you to drop that sandbag. I threw some out, too, and we can find out how far they landed apart.

"It wasn't much trouble to find people who had found the bags and knew just where they were. Fortunately they had landed near a railroad track, so the distance estimating was made easy for us. It was 4¼ miles. I guess that is the record up to date for long distance talking without a wire."

His Names.

A pair of twins was born in the Back Bay district. A bright boy set about to try to name them. He said, "Will they be called Peter and Repeater?" But no. His mother would not listen to the name Peter. Then he said, "Let them be called Max and Climax."

"No," she said. "They are both little girls, so we cannot name one of them Max."

Then he said after much thought, "Let them be called Kate and Duplicate." After that his head was bandaged, and he was sent out to play.—Union Signal.

DINNERS IN FRISCO.

CURIOUS COSMOPOLITAN RESTAURANTS ON THE COAST.

One May Dine In the Manner of a Different Country Every Night In the Week. A Dirty Italian Restaurant on the Water Front That Is Very Popular.

One of the features of cosmopolitan San Francisco is its restaurants. Every foreign colony boasts of a place where its native cooking can be had, and adventurous San Franciscans who care to look these places up can dine in the manner of a different country every night in the week. If an elaborate Chinese dinner, with its numberless impossible courses, each accompanied by sweetmeats, proves unattractive, a Hawaiian dinner, with poi and salted fish, can be had by walking a few blocks. For those who like highly spiced dinners there are the Italian and Spanish restaurants to choose from, and for those with small appetites, who look for novelty in service, there are the Turkish restaurants, with their unpronounceable dishes and delicious coffee.

The most popular of the foreign restaurants are the Italian. There are several of these scattered about the Latin quarter, which are much frequented by San Franciscans on account of the excellence of the cooking. Most of them are dirty, very dirty, as to floors and walls, and the Italians are not oversqueamish regarding the table linen. When a party of Americans enter, however, there is a general shuffle among the waiters to secure the service of the table and the prospective tip. The question of precedence being settled, the wine stained tablecloth is whisked off and replaced by one not always newly laundered or else suspiciously damp.

These restaurants are rarely on the main streets and have to be approached through dark alleys. One situated behind the county jail occupies the back room of a small Italian grocery store. In going there one is reminded of dark deeds and sharp stilettos, but the dinner is worth the journey. The chef of this place is famous for cooking 'Italiarini,' a paste made by himself and cut in strips and cooked with a sauce made of tomatoes, spices and mushrooms. It is extremely rich and very peppery, but all Italian dishes are strongly dashed with chili peppers.

The dinner is attended with great ceremony. A bottle of their sour claret is served with each dinner. Every Italian drinks about two quarts of it with his dinner, so the bottle supply sometimes runs short. In this event the waiter goes to the bar, fillls an empty bottle from a demijohn, drives in a cork, and then carries the bottle to the table where it is needed, sometimes four feet from the bar, and impressively producing his corkscrew draws the cork as carefully as though he were handling the finest burgundy. His demeanor is so serious throughout the performance that one dare not look amused.

A very popular restaurant is Bazzuro's, which is situated near the water front. This is greatly patronized by the Italian fishermen, who file in after their day's work, still wearing their gum boots and smelling strongly of their craft. It is also frequented by the Italian vegetable gardeners, who drive in from the outskirts of town, and after disposing of their stock stop to dine. When the place is reasonably well filled, there is a babel of voices. They are all talking at once, and out of the confusion the word "scudi" is distinguished above all others.

This means money, which the proprietor says, with a shrug, "they talk about all the time, all the time." The fishermen bring the best of their day's catch here, and the gardeners offer their choicest vegetables. The chef, whose kitchen is back of the dining tables and in full view of the room, is a merry fellow, and between his juggling feats, tossing his pan into the air to turn the cooking fish or meat exchanges gossip and jests with the diners. This place is kept comparatively clean. The floor is covered with sawdust and the ceiling festooned with gaudy colored paper cut in fanciful designs. Two parrots add to the general din, and all sorts and conditions of cats prowl around the floor.

The restaurant is conducted by two brothers, one of whom waits on table, while the other attends bar and looks after the cash receipts. Every Italian after dining stops at the bar for a chat and a drink. Instead of a liquor, the host pours generous glasses of claret for himself and his guests, and these are speedily tossed off. A casual visitor, after witnessing this ceremony about 25 times in quick succession, is apt to grow nervous about the health of the host, but he appears none the worse for his conviviality at the end of the evening. The younger brother sometimes relieves his brother at the bar. He is quite as hospitable, and his invariable drink being absinthe and seltzer his case seems even more alarming.

This restaurant, at 7:30 in the evening, when dinner is in full swing, presents an odd sight, the Italians sitting around the tables, most of them with their hats on, gesticulating and talking excitedly across the room, while they roll the spaghetti round their forks and dexterously transfer it in yard lengths to their mouths. A butcher, with all the marks of his trade about him, occupies a table with the policeman on the beat, who gets the best service of all; a few men about town, who have heard of the chef's fame, and forget the unsavory looking company in their enjoyment of the plates, and often a table or two taken by young society girls with their chaperon and escorts. The girls consider a dinner at Bazzuro's a tremendous lark.

The Americans do not venture on the claret so generously served with the dinner. A flask of Chianti is ordered in its stead, and the proprietor always proffers the empty flask to the youngest member of the party as a souvenir.—San Francisco Letter.

NO DOG IN HER HOUSE.

A Boarding House Keeper Tells Why She Has Made This Rule.

Persons with dogs and other pets meet with a cold and clammy reception in New York boarding houses. They may occasionally steal into fashionable flats, where the landlord or agent has no direct means of circumventing them, but when it comes to the boarding house things are a little more definite.

A nice looking married couple went into a Twenty-third street boarding house the other day and were made comfortable. After the first dinner the lady was observed scraping together some dainties from the board to take to her room. The landlady, who is a woman of great decision of character, heard of it, and her knock was shortly afterward heard at the door of the new boarders. The latter were immediately notified that either they or the dog must vacate at once.

"If I cannot keep my darling Xenophon, we'll move," protested the owner of the dog, who practiced the principle of "Love me, love my dog."

"Then you'll have to move," said the landlady firmly. "I'm not keeping a dog kennel."

"How in the world they ever got that dog in here without my seeing it," said she, after the obnoxious Xenophon had been disposed of, "is more than I can understand. I've had all I want of dogs. A gentleman used to keep a small but ferocious bulldog in his room where I once lived. He was the ugliest brute I ever laid my eyes on—the dog, not the man. That dog wouldn't let anybody but his owner tamper with him. The man used to lug him around with him everywhere he went. One night, when the man came in, he was feeling so oblivious to earthly things that he left his dog locked in the vestibule. The next boarder who came in got no farther than the vestibule and landed down the steps with a square yard of trousers missing. He was soon joined by another boarder, who wanted to come to bed. They rang the bell until several of us came down to see what was the matter. On opening the door the dog sprang for us as if he hadn't been fed for a week and wanted anything that came handy, but we slammed the door to again just in time. As we could not awaken the owner we had to leave the dog there till morning, and those who were outside had to go to a hotel. In the morning everybody had to go and come by the servant's entrance until the owner of the animal came down and got us out of the fix."

"What did he say?"

"Say! Why, he abused us all as a set of brutes for keeping his dog locked up there and gathered it up under his arm and took it up stairs as if had been a piece of Dresden china! And the boarders who had been locked out left the house for good the next day. We got rid of the dog, but not until it had half depopulated the establishment."—Chicago Tribune.

The Awakening Tiger.

Between the drowsy sleep of the nocturnal animals and the hypersensitive sleep of those which spend their lives in constant fear of their enemies a place must be found for the form of slumber enjoyed by the large carnivora and that of domestic animals. The former have no enemies to fear except man, and the latter, protected by man, enjoy to the full the blessing of natural rest.

Tigers are frequently found fast asleep in the daytime. Native hunters have been known to track them after a "kill" to the place in which they were lying fast asleep and gorged with food and to shoot them as they lie. When taking his midday repose in districts where it is little disturbed, the tiger does not always retire to a place of security, like the bear, or even the leopard, which usually sleeps on the branch of a tree. It just lies down in some convenient spot, either shady or warm, according to the weather, and there sleeps almost regardless of danger. They have been found lying in dry nullahs, under trees and even in the grass of the hillsides unobserved until their disturber came within a few yards of them.

General Douglas Hamilton, when shooting in the Dandilly forest, came upon a tigress and two cubs lying fast asleep on their backs, with their paws sticking up in the air, under a clump of bamboos. When he was within a few yards of the group, one raised its head and without moving its body quietly looked at him along the line of its body between its paws. Tigers kept in captivity awaken gradually, stretching and yawning like a dog.—London Spectator.

Utica's Unique Tollgate.

Utica enjoys the doubtful distinction of being probably the only city in the United States which has a tollgate within its boundaries or anywhere near it, for that matter. The old days of toll roads and tollgates have passed away, and it is well that they have. The company which maintains the Deerfield gate has a legal status that cannot be done away with without the consent of those who own the property. The last legislature passed an enabling act which makes it possible for the parties interested to do away with the tollgate, and it is something to which the attention of the authorities may properly be directed.—Utica Press.

Puzzled Him.

"I don't see why I lose so many places," said Jimmie, the ex-office boy. "Dey ain't a smarter kid on de block dan me. Dey ain't a single one of 'em kin smoke a cigarette and whistle at de same time like I kin."—Indianapolis Journal.

For over 400 years Nov. 13 was observed in England as a festival. It commemorated the death of Hardicanute and the accession of Edward the Confessor, by which the country was delivered from the yoke of the Danes.

Amulets are now worn by royal noble families in India that are believed to have been handed down from father to son for nearly 2,000 years.

NEW FIELDS FOR NOVELISTS.

Why Does Not Some Writer Use an Eskimo as Heroine?

The division of the earth among contemporary novelists has not as yet included Greenland, where some new writer can lay the scene of a story in which the heroine will wear sealskin trousers and calm her troubled heart with mighty drafts of train oil.

Neither has any novelist seized upon China, where great things may yet be done by a story teller who really knows something of that modern and multitudinous sphinx, the Chinaman.

But with these exceptions there is very little desirable territory which is not pre-empted. This of course greatly hampers new novelists who are compelled to write novels dealing only with English men and women at home.

England is the common possession of everybody, and even the American writer who does not wish to imitate either Mr. Harte or Mr. Howells is compelled to lay the scene of his stories in London or in some one of the many little English colonies to be found in continental cities.

The English novelist who wishes to write a story characterized by some little novelty is reduced to inventing Dodos or other fabulous creatures, an attempt which fails more frequently than it succeeds.

This state of things is so plain to every writer that I wonder that no one has rushed in to occupy the Greenland or the Chinese field.

A Greenland story would at once attract attention because of its novelty, and we who have never been to Greenland could warmly recognize the truth of its local color, and the profound knowledge of Eskimo character shown by the writer.

An advanced Eskimo maiden with a wild desire to wear petticoats instead of trousers and to drink tea instead of train oil could hardly fail to charm the reader.

I am afraid, however, that the advanced Eskimo maid would not survive beyond the first four or five chapters, for I understand that whenever an Eskimo woman exhibits symptoms of advanced thinking she is immediately set adrift on an ice floe—W. L. Alden in Idler.

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

An Easy Matter to Float on the Surface of the Thick Water.

The Dead sea, or more properly the Salt sea, is also called in Scripture the sea of the Arabah; in the Apocrypa, the Sodomitish sea; in the Talmudical books, sea of Salt and sea of Sodom. The name Dead sea seems to have been first used in Greek, and the Arabic name is Bar Lut, of the sea of Lot. It has a length varying from 40 to 46 miles and is only about three miles across at its broadest part.

From the analysis of the United States expedition it appears that each gallon of the water, weighing 12¼ pounds, contains nearly 3½ pounds (3.319) of matter in solution, an immense quantity in view of the fact that sea water, weighing 10¼ pounds per gallon, contains less than one-half pound. Of this 3½ pounds nearly a pound is common salt (chloride of sodium), about two pounds chloride of magnesium and less than one-half pound chloride of calcium (muriate of lime). There does not appear to be anything about it inimical to life, and the story of a recent tourist confirms this. He says:

"As for the Dead sea, it will, in contradiction of the name, forever preserve a green and living memory in my mind. No fish can survive in it, we all know, but for a place for a swim, or, above all, for a float, commend me to it beyond all the Winnepesaukees in the world. How it bears you up in arms! How it annihilates the tiresome ponderosity and dignity of the laws of gravitation! How it introduces you into the inner consciousness of dainty ariel and thistledom and all other airy, fairy creatures! The more you weigh the less you weigh. There is the real hydrostatic paradox. An elephant in the Dead sea would feel himself a gazelle. Then what a mirror its steely surface was that morning, and how beautiful its reflections of the mountains of Palestine on the one hand and of Moab on the other!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Electric Lights.

A Vienna professor gives it as his opinion, after much research on the subject, that all delicate persons and those who suffer from nervousness should never remain long in a room lighted by electric lights, its effect on the nervous system being such that after awhile they generally become uneasy and depressed and find it impossible to concentrate the attention for any length of time. Young persons, on the contrary, and those with strong nerves find the influence of the light extremely beneficial, especially when the brain is overworked and tired, the effect being much the same as that of strong coffee —i. e., increased activity of the nervous system.

Through Algerian Spectacles.

In a delightful paper before a club recently Mrs. Fannie C. Barbour, the writer and traveler, gave a description of her visit to some Algerian ladies. Through the interpreting friend who accompanied her the hostesses conveyed their polite pity at her extraordinary costume. "Where," they asked in plaintive pity for the unfortunate American, "are her Turkish trousers?" When told that she came from America, they asked where that was, and on hearing that it was across a great sea complacently remarked: "Not so great as our Mediterranean. There is no sea like that."

Food For Man and Beast.

"We read sometimes," said Mr. Billtops, "of people 'eagerly devouring' a newspaper, but horses sometimes do that literally. Twice lately I have seen horses eating newspapers. Perhaps this might come under the head of 'taking in every word.'"—New York Sun.

JAPANESE RITES.

Frederick Villiers Describes Funerals After the Battle of Ping-Yang.

Many of the sick and wounded who die are cremated. Their ashes are collected, placed in small square boxes, interred for a time in the little cemetery outside the foreign settlement at Chemulpo, and after awhile exhumed and sent to Japan. The ceremony I beheld in Chemulpo after the fight at Ping-Yang was not impressive or solemn, but simply curious. Eighty bodies had been cremated in various parts of the country and forwarded to the treaty port in small boxes. These were placed in two large, black cases at the hospital, and preceded by a motley group of coolies, citizens and soldiers were carried to the burial plot.

First came coolies with branches of foliage and white streamers in their hands. Then a few soldiers, marching with reversed arms. Immediately preceding the black cases was a Shinto priest in yellow kimono and a black gauze shako. Round his neck was a purple cord, at the end of which hung a fan. In his right hand was a flute, which from time to time as the procession wended its way he tooted on, producing an inharmonious sound which reminded me of my own attempts on that instrument when a boy. The coolies, the followers and the lookers on seemed to treat the whole thing more as a good joke than a solemn function and chatted and laughed to their hearts' content.

Arrived at the cemetery, the procession halted before the altar, on which were placed bottles of saki, fruits, eggs and birds of various kinds, including a live rooster. Behind this hospitable board were placed the remains of the 80 bodies. The Shinto priest, who stood alone before the edibles, stretched out his hands and made several passes with his fan in the direction of the rooster, groaned aloud, then clapped his hands three times, after which he indulged a little on the flute. Then he groaned again, straightened himself, retired a few paces, took several paces to the left and right, then advanced again, groaned and tooted. He then requested by a sign one of the mourners to advance and take his place.

He then handed one of the branches of foliage to the gentleman and retired. The mourner proceeded to lay the branch on a small table in front of the altar, then saluted and moved away to allow another mourner to take his place. When all the branches were piled on the table, the black cases were opened and the small square boxes taken out by the coolies and carefully interred. The Shinto priest retired to the bosom of his family, with the saki bottle, the live rooster and the rest of the chow. In lieu of tombstones, the Japs use, when campaigning, small wooden posts to mark the resting place of their dead.—Frederick Villiers.

A Quid Pro Quo.

He was only first consul then, and I was consul general—for the United States of course—and we were very intimate, notwithstanding the difference in rank, for I waived that. One day something offered the opening, and he said:

"Well, general, I suppose life can never get entirely dull to an American, because whenever he can't strike up any other way to put in his time he can always get away with a few years trying to find out who his grandfather was."

I fairly shouted, for I had never heard it sound better, and then I was back at him quick as a flash:

"Right, your excellency. But I reckon a Frenchman's got his little standby for a dull time, too, because when all other interests fail he can turn in see if he can find out who his father was."

Well, you should have heard him just whoop and cackle and carry on. He reached over and hit me on the shoulder and said:

"Land, but it's good! It's immensely good! I George, I never heard it said so good in my life before. Say it again."

So I said it again, and he said his again, and I said mine again, and then he did, and then I did, and then he did, and we kept on doing it and doing it, and I never had such a good time, and he said the same. In my opinion there isn't anything that is as killing as one of those dear old ripe pensioners if you know how to snatch it out in a kind of a fresh sort of original way.—Mark Twain in North American Review.

American Cities a Hundred Years Ago.

When Washington was inaugurated, Philadelphia, then the metropolis of the country, had only about 42,000 people, New York but 33,000, Boston 18,000, Baltimore 13,000 and no other city anywhere near 10,000. Even after the lapse of half a century, during which New York had overtaken Philadelphia, so that in 1840 it had 312,000 inhabitants to the latter city's 258,000, Baltimore and New Orleans were the only other places with more than 100,000 people, and except Boston, with 93,000, all of the few remaining cities fell short of 50,000. During the formative period of the new nation, therefore, all but the merest fraction of its citizens lived in places of small population, the local affairs of which were easily administered through town meetings or other such simple machinery.—New York Post.

A Difference.

"You say you made money in business?"

"Certainly," replied the New York policeman.

"What was your stock in trade?"

"It wasn't a stock in trade. It was a trade in stock."—Washington Star.

During the reign of the second Edward an ox brought 13 shillings, a sheep 1 shilling, a pig 2 shillings, a rabbit 3 shillings, and pigeons were 6 cents a dozen.

Some sort of drink from barley has been made in Germany ever since the country was known.

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LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

Sublime and Immortal, Though Matthew Arnold Had Never Heard of It.

I stood close by and heard that speech delivered. It came upon us after the ponderous and elaborate rhetoric of Edward Everett like a blaze of real fire after a matchless picture of fire. It sprang, like the strophes of old, out of a chastened heart almost broken with the weight of conquest, but still dauntless in its American faith, and the man who spoke the words was, for the moment, transfigured for us, and his furrowed face and gaunt form took on the light that never was on land or sea, so that he became the archetype of the people themselves, uttering better than he knew the great prayer of that finer and better humanity that our fathers and we believed was to come with liberty and equality out of storm and stress and an unshaken confidence in man.

But I don't think any of us then knew how masterful is the speech of the human heart when it comes through the furnace to these great occasions and plants its sad sincerity by the side of mere scholarship and the grooved thunder of rhetoric.

We had to live on for a quater of a century and see that brief speech burning with unquenchable flame in our schoolbooks and standing out with modest majesty on our page of recorded history to comprehend how God can touch with a living coal the lips of a rail splitter just as he touched the lips of a tentmaker of Tarsus and lifted the untutored heart of the shoemaker, Bunyan, into communion with the immortals.

Turn it every way you can, the Gettysburg speech stands unique as a brief literary and patriotic composition. It is the noblest condensation into the fittest words of all the emotions, aspirations and sentiments that millions of mute people wanted at that moment to utter.

So inwrought is that speech with the heart of the occasion, and so majestically does it sweep over into the time to come, that I should think all men everywhere would discern its intrinsic quality. But that is not the case.

I remember talking with Matthew Arnold when he was in this country about Abraham Lincoln—you will remember that he said of Lincoln that he had no "distinction"—and I called his attention to the Gettysburg speech. I shall never forget the imperturbable Saturday Review stare with which he asked, "Ah, what is the Gettysburg speech?"

He had never heard of it. I believe when he went back he asked Professor Bryce what it was about, and when it was hunted up in an American schoolbook and shown to him he read it hastily and put it away with commiserating reticence.

Suppose you ask M. Bourget, who is looking into the American heart by the way of the American bodice and on space rates, if he has read the Gettysburg speech. I happen to know of my own knowledge that Robert Louis Stevenson had not heard of it when he was exploring our continent, and Sir Lepel Griffin and Rudyard Kipling had an idea that it was a newspaper fake.

The current number of The Saturday Review lies open before me, and this is what my eye falls on:

"The common American delusion that there have been a number of great American poets, that there is indeed such a thing as American literature, disports itself with unusual pomposity."

It is impossible for these literary prigs of a special cult to understand that there may be stimulant conditions of national life that wake into tumultuous activity all the higher and better functions of the soul prior to the chartered formulation of them into an art, and that it is in these periods of awakening and not in the after repose of an elaborate æstheticism the most precious heartbeats of the race have made themselves heard and felt, sometimes in half articulate tones, but oftener in organ blasts which have set the key of liberty and fixed the vocabulary of hope and victory.

Before eloquence or poetry was an art it was a burning soul and fetched its style from the agonies and mysteries of an untutored nature.

Let us by all means confer distinction on a deathless utterance by molding it in bronze. If we add metal enough and surround it with the arabesque of Oxford, future Matthew Arnolds may join the pilgrims and throw the English tribute of a well turned phrase upon the tablet, which, after all, is but a weak hieroglyph of the record in 70,000,000 hearts.—Andrew C. Wheeler in New York Sun.

A Carrier Pigeon's Return.

Eight months ago a carrier pigeon belonging to John C. Dinan, president of the Hillside Homing club of Lancaster, Pa., was released at Manassas, Va., being one of a number engaged in a fly for the Shamrock Silver club on Tuesday. Dinan's bird failed to return home, but last evening it appeared at its old cot. An examination of the bird showed that its wings had been clipped. As soon as the feathers grew again the bird's instinct turned it homeward.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Speaking Repeater.

The latest thing in watches is a repeater which pronounces the hours and quarters, and so obviates the trouble of counting necessitated by the present system. M. Silvan, a Swiss watchmaker, is credited with having successfully adapted Edison's phonograph so as to produce this ingenious result.—New York Post.

Philadelphia Foresight.

The Philadelphia Record tells of a careful citizen who refuses to walk in the middle of the street when the sidewalks are slippery, because if he should slip down and sustain an injury on the sidewalk he could recover damages from the city, while he could not if he was walking in the middle of the street.

THE GOLDEN KEY.

Startling Proof That It Will Unlock the Gate to English Society.

It is now pretty generally understood both in England and America that a golden key will unlock any gate in the society of this country. Perhaps the most striking demonstration yet made was given last week by some one who responded to an advertisement offering to introduce a lady into the "smartest society in London" at terms of £1,000 a year. An answer to this card was made in behalf of a supposed American young lady whose parents desired to secure for her a court presentation, etc. The writer said: "Though not averse to these ambitious prospects, she does not enter into them with the zeal necessary to their accomplishment. She is fully aware of the disadvantages caused by her defective education and lack of knowledge of the usages of that society of which it is desired she should become a member. It is to overcome this that a chaperon is needed. This lady must be of irreproachable character, high birth and capable of introducing the debutante into the society of the English upper classes as an equal, for the young lady referred to is high spirited.

"Considered from the American point of view of feminine beauty, she is very pretty. I feel it my duty to inform you that there is one fearful drawback—that is, illegitimacy. Of course this is known only to a few, and there is no reason on earth why the fact should be circulated."

In reply to this came a letter from a lady of title whose name is known throughout the world and of the highest social position outside of actual royalty. Furthermore, it was ascertained that there was no doubt of the genuineness of her offer. This, among other things, she wrote to a perfect stranger:

"First of all, I prefer an American. Lady Randolph Churchill is a friend of mine, but I am very fond of Americans. Either I will not undertake it at all, or your friend will go to court and be in the smartest society. I know you will not think me vulgar if I say that we are in the best society. For instance, the Duke of Cambridge dined with us last night. My husband holds a high official position in London. Nothing but want of means prevents my being a leader in society more or less.

"But first I must see the young lady and form my own opinions, and, secondly, I confess that the drawback of birth would make me more exacting about money, as more would have to be done to overcome this difficulty than otherwise. The fact of illegitimate birth would not affect my power of introducing her into the best society, but there are a hundred things to be considered, and to receive a large sum would not induce me to undertake anything I could not carry out. I shall be at home from 3 to 5:30 p. m. tomorrow if you would make it convenient to call."

Not having received a reply to this letter, the lady wrote again, saying that her correspondent must decide quickly, as two other ladies wished her services.—London Cor. New York Sun.

FEARS OF RADICALISM.

The Magnates of London Stirred Up Over the Coming County Council Election.

The elections for the London county council, the body which governs the whole of this vast metropolis except the tiny area known as the city, will take place in March, and it is now evident that they will be fought on strictly political lines. The magnates who own the greater part of the land upon which London stands, including men like Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Westminster, are so frightened by the increasingly radical, not to say socialistic, character of the present council that their purse strings, usually kept tightly tied indeed, have been unloosed, and they are prepared to spend $500,000 to help the Tories obtain a majority.

Several noblemen even consider the emergency so great that they are willing to sacrifice themselves to the extent of becoming candidates and sitting in the council with quite common people, even with their own tradesmen, if they can find constituencies to elect them. The music hall people have also thrown in their lot with the Tories, and one of them, Mr. George Edwardes, manager of the Empire, has sacrificed his feelings like the noble sufferers just referred to and is contesting the division against Mr. McDougal, one of the leaders of the so called purity crusade.—London Letter.

Cold Weather Chickens.

A Louisville (Ky.) man who says he never drinks tells of a farmer who has produced a breed of fur bearing chickens, which sport in ice water and cackle briskly in the midst of almost eternal snow. This was accomplished by skin grafting a selected cock and hen with rabbit skin half an inch at a time. The process was painful, but succeeded admirably. Eggs of the new breed sell rapidly at $1.75 a dozen and are hatched out by the ordinary hens, who invariably die of fright upon perceiving the strange appearance of their offspring.

A Lively House.

During the heavy rain and hail storm which prevailed here at midnight Sunday night a two story farmhouse three miles east of town was blown 90 feet from its foundation. The building, having made two complete revolutions, landed on its side intact. The family, consisting of Mont Mattux, his wife and three children, were in bed at the time of the accident, and all escaped injury except Mrs. Mattux, whose arm was dislocated.—Breckenridge (Mo.) Dispatch.

White House Silver.

A Wallingford (Conn.) silver manufacturing firm has received an order for sterling silverware to be added to the service at the White House. The members of the firm decline to give a description of the plate, but say the order will be a costly one.

FUN FROM A PRISON.

A Convict Editor Who Has Ability and Is Open For an Outside Engagement.

Some of the prisoners of the state penitentiary at Joliet edit and publish a monthly paper called Up To Date The January number contains the following account of a difference between the deputy warden and the prison orchestra. It may be necessary to explain that Ispen is an abbreviation of Illinois state penitentiary:

1. Concerning the tribe of Ispen, which dwelt in the valley of the Des Plaines river.

2. And the tribe of Ispen numbered 1,500 souls, and they were in bondage.

3. There was then no king in Ispen. A deputy ruled over the land.

4. And Josephus, the deputy, was a kindly man, albeit he was a mighty man—a man of great stature and valor.

5. And it came to pass that Josephus, the deputy, singled out the musical members of the tribe of Ispen and commanded them to appear before him, as was the custom in those days.

6. And he gave unto each an instrument, every one after the kind he desired.

7. And he said unto them, "This day shall ye have a new name."

8. And he called them the "Orr-Kess-Trah," which is the mighty men of noise.

9. And the Orr-Kess-Trah was favored above the rest of the tribe of Ispen.

10. And it came to pass that the Orr-Kess-Trah became grasping and proud beyond warrant.

11. And they took counsel among themselves as to how they should distinguish themselves from the common run.

12. And it came to pass that they resolved that they were Samsons, and their strength was in the hair of their heads.

13. And it came to pass that each one did get his hair cut, each one after his own fashion.

14. Now, Josephus, the deputy, albeit he was a kindly man, remarked the style which the Orr-Kess-Trah took unto themselves, each one after his own kind.

15. And he issued a proclamation forbidding the Orr-Kess-Trah from this pompadour style, which was only worn as a mark of high degree in the tribe of Ispen.

16. Now, when the Orr-Kess-Trah heard this edict, they took counsel among themselves.

17. And it came to pass that they made for themselves a banner on which was inscribed, "No Pompadour Hair Cuts—No Music."

18. Now, the rest of the acts of the Orr-Kess-Trah, and all that they did, and the hair that they lost, and the privileges that they no longer get, are they not written in the book of the "Chronicles of the Deputy?"

Here are some items gathered at random from the pages of the paper, showing that even a prison has its news:

Present population, 1,598.
Last consecutive number, 3,958.
December discharge list, 73.
Fresh fish since last issue, 120.
Received during 1894, 945.
Sent to insane hospital, 2.

Why haven't we got your subscription?

The editorial staff of Up To Date spent Christmas in its usual hilarious manner, and we wish to remark right here that it took us all day to spend it.

Three hundred and six visitors passed through the prison in December.

Seven thousand four hundred and twenty pairs of socks darned, 509 new shirts, 197 pair new drawers and 587 new handkerchiefs were made in the female prison in December.

Try to be kind and civil to your cellmate. Remember that he has his own troubles and no doubt feels that he is just as much abused as you are.

Quarreling doesn't pay. You don't get any satisfaction from it, and if it is kept up it leads to a row and then the hole, so, you see, the best you can get is the worst of it.

Don't worry the guard with tales about any one else. He has his own troubles.

Up To Date extends an invitation to all members of the press to drop in and see us, even if they don't stay as long as we do.

Special Notice.—The editor of Up To Date, having nearly completed the sentence under which he has been confined here, is desirous of securing a position on some newspaper where he can enlarge the experience obtained in running this paper.

A Clever Swindler.

The French police have put a stop to a fraud which is so clever that the swindler almost deserved the harvest of francs which he has been steadily reaping. The man has been making the round of fairs and other gatherings selling a rat powder which was perfectly harmless, but struck rats dead on the spot. In order to convince any skeptical man he first powdered a slice of bread with the stuff and ate a piece himself and then put the remainder under a glass case in which was a rat. The rat ate the bread and instantly fell dead. At 10 cents a box the powder went like hot cakes. The police looked into the matter and found that the powder was nothing but sugar. They also found that the glass case was connected with a powerful electric battery, and the moment the rat touched the bread the current was turned on, thus killing the rodnet. The man was sentenced to 15 days in jail.—Paris Dispatch.

Sutro Will Be Mayor Two Hours a Day.

Mayor Sutro devotes two hours to the duties of his office daily. The hours are from 10 a. m. to 12 m., which is the time he announces he will give to public affairs. From 12 to 1 o'clock he will lunch. Having refreshed and rested his system after his morning's toil, he will give two hours to his private affairs. Promptly at 3 p. m. he will leave his office, on Montgomery street, and call the remainder of the day his own.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ABRUPT CONAN DOYLE.

The English Novelist's Queer Antics In a Massachusetts Town.

Dr. Doyle, the story runs, was engaged to lecture in Morristown under the auspices of St. Bartholomew's school, and the 25 boys of the school were in a quiver of excitement at the prospect of seeing and meeting the creator of Sherlock Holmes. The head master, the Rev. F. E. Edwards, with the most hospitable intentions, invited Dr. Doyle to dinner before the lecture, inviting also at the same time Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stockton, great friends of the clergyman. Dr. Doyle declined the invitation, to the great regret indeed of the host, the two guests and four or five boys that had been specially favored by being asked to meet the big author. At the dinner hour, however, to the surprise of Mr. Edwards, he received a telephone message from Dr. Doyle at the station, announcing: "I'm here. What shall I do?"

"Why, we didn't expect you, but do come right over. We just sat down to dinner."

Swinging along, the Englishman soon appeared, but despite diplomatic coaxing could not be prevailed upon to enter the dining room. He wouldn't, he said, meet any one. No!

Although assured that only Mr. and Mrs. Stockton and four boys were present, that the dinner was very informal, he still remained obdurate.

"Can't I eat my dinner alone?" he asked bluntly.

So he ate his dinner alone, devouring several plates of roast beef and frequent relays of vegetables with lightning rapidity. Unknown to any one in the house, the brawny Englishman soon fled and was next seen in the lecture hall of the school. A large audience was present, and every courtesy was extended to him.

After the lecture, with insulting haste, Dr. Doyle pocketed the $300 fee and hastened to the train. The only person, in fact, that met the distinguished British author was Mr. Stockton, and as the author of "Rudder Grange" introduced the lecturer the latter couldn't very well avoid meeting him. But the 25 boys were sadly disappointed at not shaking hands with the hero of their imaginings. The whole proceeding of the talented author was, in fact, so foreign to what has been reported of him by men and papers that Morristown's Four Hundred are wondering whether Dr. Doyle could possibly have thought the town a jay place, and that he therefore dreaded meeting bucolic enthusiasts.—Boston Beacon.

SENSITIVE MODELS.

Publication of "Trilby" Causes Some to Resign From the Profession.

Women models have always been a little sensitive about their profession, says a writer in the Boston Herald, and since "Trilby" has been the favorite topic of studio gossip some of the best of them have felt that sensitiveness increase and have declined to pose for the nude. Child models who have been in the profession since before they could walk have been forbidden to enter studios, while women who have supported their families by posing have refused to mount the model stand.

Miss Arabella Gold, who is known as a famous figure model to the best New York artists, has recently sent in a public resignation from the profession. She wrote to one of the leading New York papers requesting that it publish the fact that she would never again pose for the figure. Miss Gold's resignation is a decided loss to the artists. She is said to have one of the most exquisitely formed figures in the world. Of late she has been posing for a number of Sarony's living pictures. In one of the most celebrated of these she represents an almost perfect facsimile of the famous painting, "Psyche."

Many models whose forms have heretofore been prominent features in the portrait exhibitions declare that they, too, will renounce the business entirely. It is not that they object to posing nude, they claim, but the notoriety which embarrasses their profession has become intolerable since the publication.

The majority of models interviewed have not read the book, but claim that Trilby, whoever she was, has seriously degraded the profession. Some spoke of her as a New York model guilty of some despicable crime. Others believed her to be a reformer.

OVERRUN WITH MICE.

A Most Remarkable State of Affairs In the Province of Kharkoff, Russia.

One of the most unpleasant places in this world to live in just at present, according to Russian papers, is the province of Kharkov, in the land of the czar. The country is now overrun with mice—millions of mice. The cats have become so accustomed to the sight of the little animals that they no longer catch them or even play with them. They are said to be a greater pest than the rabbits were in Australia a few years ago. Provisions for the table, candles, soap, books, shoes—everything, in fact, is eaten up by the animal in the nighttime. The furniture even is not spared. Sleep for many of the poor inhabitants has become almost impossible. All of them virtually have been obliged to place their beds in the middle of the rooms. Some of them even have been forced to sleep with their feet in basins of water, the Russians of that district believing that mice will not touch a person so sleeping. If these precautions are not followed, the mice dance a genuine "saraband" on the recumbent figures and on the bed and even bite the sleepers.

Almost all the wheat has been destroyed. A number of wealthy women—landed proprietors—have been obliged to abandon their homes and have gone to St. Petersburg to get away from the scourge, for such it has become.

In the fields the mice are so numerous that men kill 200 or 300 in five to ten minutes.

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